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## Next week

**THE PRO CHAMPIONSHIPS**—Tex Maule reports the NFL's Green Bay-Dallas game, Edwan Strake the AFL's Kansas City-Buffalo contest. Also—first color photographs of key action.

**SPYGLASS HILL** on Cornell Bay, the country's most exciting new golf course, will get its first test by the pros in this month's Crosby. A color essay reveals its rare beauty.

**THE LONELIEST**—and best—long-distance runners are the Tarahumara Indians of the canyon country of western Mexico. Edwin Strake describes their life and fast times.



# SCORECARD

## WILL AND ABILITY

Santa was very good to Dick Tiger this Christmas. Although a 12-to-5 underdog, he won the light-heavyweight championship from Jose Torres a few weeks ago and now he has been selected Fighter of the Year. If these distinctions were awarded for gentility, Tiger merited them, for he is a wholly admirable man, but, in the main, championships are won by a superior force of arms, and Tiger did not make this point against Torres, to say nothing of his feckless showing in losing the middleweight title to Emile Griffith last April.

Indeed, Torres was manifestly the better fighter and proved it—when he chose to fight. That he did this so infrequently is inexcusable. All Torres had to do was jab and the fight was his, but even this small effort was beyond him. Dick Tiger won not because he was more able but because he was more willing.

Acknowledging Torres' poor showing, the New York State Athletic Commission has suspended him for medical reasons. Just what is the commission trying to say? Six weeks before the fight there were reports that Torres was suffering anew from pancreatitis, the malady that had kept him idle for a year after he won the title. Five doctors examined him and four found he was healthy and fit; the fifth said he was healthy but unfit because, reportedly, he was suffering from a psychosomatic ailment. Evidently the commission is now admitting it might have been hasty in allowing Torres to fight, as he must be reexamined before he may have another bout. But at the same time the commission is saying it still thinks it's all in Torres' head.

We feel that the commission's action is laudable, but its reasons are needlessly muddled, and the real issue has been obscured. The public has a right to expect a high standard of effort from a fighter, particularly a champion, and a commission should demand it. If there is any doubt that a fighter has given less than he is capable of, his purse should be

held up pending an investigation. A fighter, such as Torres, whose performance was so palpably feeble, should be suspended and placed on probation until he demonstrates he wants to or can fight. He most certainly should not be rewarded with a quick return bout, as has been rumored in this case.

But the onus is also upon the commission. Any time there is a possibility that ticket buyers will be shortchanged, there should be an investigation—but not after the fight—and the fighter put on notice. There have been too many post-factum revelations in boxing: an injured hand, a bad back, a diseased pancreas. It is time for all concerned to realize that no fight is preferable to a bad show.

As for the Fighter of the Year—isn't there a heavyweight who calls himself Muhammad Ali?

## BREATHTAKING LOGIC

A few months ago the Mexican Olympic Committee declared in a similar vein that much of the altitude problem was in the athletes' heads; "altitude psychosis" was the diagnosis. Presumably, nothing has swayed the committee from this opinion, but now, in almost the same breath, or lack of it, it has announced that the equestrian events have been moved from Mexico City (alt. 7,347 feet) to Oaxtepec (alt. 4,500 feet), because horses, no matter how imbued with mental health, might break down in a more rarefied atmosphere.

## PETIT PRIX

Hollywood's latest stab at motor racing, a three-hour Cinerama film called *Grand Prix*, opened last week in New York. It contains approximately 10 minutes of unique and marvelous car stuff. There are scenes in which the viewer, in effect, shares the cockpit with a driver and rides the straights and corners of famous racetracks at Grand Prix speeds. In these episodes the film is a richer experience than watching the real thing at the circuit. The catch is that the rest of

*Grand Prix* is as rewarding as driving on the Hollywood Freeway at 5:15 p.m. No fewer than three love triangles are formed to fill out the picture's excessive length. While there is precious little love in any of them, the small, shining corner occupied by Françoise Hardy, the French pop singer, may be enough to keep you from falling asleep between races.

## TWOFER

The latest in surefire fish bait is a freshly killed duck, and Guy Newburn of Bullard, Texas has a two-pound black bass to prove it.



The other day Newburn, 17, was duck hunting at a pond on his farm and bagged four canvasbacks, one of which fell into the water. Since he didn't want to get wet, Newburn walked home, got out his fishing tackle, put on a lure with two treble hooks and, on his third cast, snagged the duck. When he hauled it in he discovered the bass, which must have hit the lure at the same time the lure hit the duck, since Newburn wasn't aware of a strike.

"I was really shocked when I saw that bass," says Newburn. "It was the first time I ever reeled in a duck, so I didn't know how it was supposed to feel."

## THE GREAT MAN

Something has happened to the NFL's old chestnut of a slogan: "Anything can happen in a NFL game—and it usually does." The happening is Vince Lombardi, the head coach and general manager of the Green Bay Packers. When you play the Packers, the Great Man—as Lombardi is referred to in Green

continued



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## SCORECARD continued

Bay—usually sees to it that you lose.

To no one's surprise, Lombardi's Packers won the Western Division title a few weeks ago. They also won it and the NFL title in 1965. And it looks like they're ready to win in 1967, 1968, 1969. . . . The Packers have been best in the West five out of the eight years Lombardi has been coach and, except for 1959, when they were third, they have never finished lower than a close second. At a time when the Boston Celtics are heading for another second place and the New York Yankees are shooting for the first division, the Packers show no sign of packing it in.

Is Green Bay that good? Thanks to expansion and easy money, no franchise is that good. But Green Bay has the Great Man. "Vince commands victory," says one NFL player. Two Sundays ago, when Lombardi felt his team wasn't up for a meaningless game with the Rams, he called a meeting and, in essence, ordered the Packers to win. They won.

Green Bay seldom beats itself—never in a big game—and seldom has there been a more opportunistic team. The opposition senses but cannot believe what the Packers know: that the imposition of Lombardi's intelligence and his fierce, unrelenting will make them a more closely knit and better team. "Coach Lombardi insists on perfect execution and goof-proof football," says Ken Bowman, the Packers' center and a second-year law student. "He won't accept an excuse for mental errors. That's the quickest way to lose a job at Green Bay." It helps that the vogue in the NFL is a balanced attack coupled with ball control. Who started it? Lombardi. And no one plays his kind of football better than he does. What's more, since he designed the game, Lombardi knows exactly the players he needs to keep it on top. For example, Bob Jeiter was with the Packers for three years as a little-used flanker. This year he's a starting corner back, and a first-class one at that. Carroll Dale was a Los Angeles discard. Now he's the Packers' leading receiver. But the best evidence of Lombardi's genius is the seven players who were with the team before he arrived in Green Bay. For the most part, they were undistinguished members of the worst Packer club in history (1-10-1). Under Lombardi, all seven became All-Pro or have played in the All-Star game, but they don't get star treatment. No one does at

Green Bay. "You missed the block, Taylor," Lombardi will roar in practice. "You missed the block. Remember, we don't miss blocks. Run it again and again and again." Green Bay doesn't always have the best team, but it always has the best coach. As the bookies say: "Lombardi is worth points."

## ONE-MAN SHOW

Amateur athletes are rarely called upon to promote their own events, but then Ron Clarke is in many ways an exceptional man. When, last September, the Victorian Amateur Athletic Association invited three Kenyan runners to Australia for a series of races and then backed out, fearing the tour would be too great a financial risk, Clarke—the world record holder in the three-mile, 5,000-meter, six-mile, 10,000-meter and 10-mile runs—felt obliged to step in. Not only did Clarke think that the VAAA had been unmannerly, but he wanted to even the score with Naftali Temu, who beat him over six miles in the Commonwealth Games in Jamaica (51, Aug. 22).

With 12 friends, Clarke raised \$1,800 for expenses, contributing \$224 himself. Then he "sold" appearance rights to the South Australian and New South Wales Amateur Athletic Associations for \$952 and \$672, respectively. Next he persuaded two of the firms for which he works as an accountant to come up with a \$1,120 advance, got four companies to guarantee \$1,800 against any possible loss and talked Trans-Australia Airlines and various hotels and motels into providing accommodations and travel at either no cost or cut-rate prices.

In the first race of the tour Runner Clarke easily beat Temu at three miles, and last week, in the final race, he ran the second fastest six miles ever (26:52). Moreover, Clarke had to run that one virtually by himself, as Temu withdrew on account of blisters. Promoter Clarke was equally successful with his one-man show. The tour made a profit of \$2,000, of which 25%, or \$500, belongs, by rule, to the Victorian Amateur Athletic Association.

## DABBING IN DEATH

One of the least known and most discouraging aspects of waterfowl hunting is that shotgun pellets can be fatal to ducks and geese even when they miss. Birds feeding off the bottom of hunted lakes, ponds and marshes invariably pick up expended lead shot. Once ingested into the gizzard, the shot is ground up



and exposed to digestive fluids. The residue thus formed has a toxic effect on the liver, kidneys and the gizzard, and too often leads to agonizing death. In the 1950s the Canadian Wildlife Service estimated the annual kill by lead poisoning of mallards alone at 630,000. More recent estimates range from 500,000 to 1.5 million birds a year, mostly mallards and other dabbling ducks.

Back in 1948 Winchester's Western Cartridge Company spent more than \$1 million developing iron shot as a possible substitute for lead, but was unable to make the manufacturing process economically feasible. In point of fact, iron shot is so hard that it will score the barrel of a shotgun, and several hundred rounds put through a full-choke gun will carve out all the choke. Nor is lead shot plated with nickel the answer. Says Western Cartridge's C. O. Williams: "Nickel is just another coating. It comes off within a few days in a bird's gizzard and then the lead poisoning sets in."

There is a glimmer of hope, however. The Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute, the industry's trade group, is financing a two-year, \$100,000 study by the Illinois Institute of Technology to find a non-toxic, economical and ballistically efficient substitute or modification for lead shot.

The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife is cooperating, but in its press release it called lead poisoning of waterfowl a "vexing problem." Vexing is a rather bland adjective for describing the death each year of hundreds of thousands of birds.

#### HOW BELOW CAN YOU GET?

The New Mexico Department of Game and Fish has built a concrete cap and reinforced door over the 1,700-foot shaft of an abandoned lead and zinc mine and is going to use it for the disposal of trash from the Pecos camping and picnicking area. With typical western hyperbole, it is called "the deepest garbage pit in the world."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Millie Ignazio, 19, one of five of the Women's International Bowling Congress' nearly three million members to have a 200 or better average in 1965-66: "I . . . I . . . I couldn't have done it without my bowling ball."

• Paul Mickey, 6-foot-9 Penn State center, "When I first came to Penn State I was so uncoordinated I couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time." **END**

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**Sports Illustrated**  
JANUARY 2, 1967

# SARGE TAKES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES STRAKE



# PHILLY TO THE TOP

*Pro basketball's strong-minded Alex Hannum was the last coach to beat the Boston Celtics for the championship, and he is determinedly driving his Philadelphia team to do it again. His moods on the bench—harshness, urgency, concentration—reflect qualities that have pushed the 76ers to the best record in NBA history* **by FRANK DEFORD**

CONTINUED



I was Mark Twain who observed: "In Boston they ask, How much does he know? In New York, How much is he worth? In Philadelphia, Who were his parents?" That nothing has happened since Twain's day to change things can be supported by remembering Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, beside herself with shame because she had a few drinks with a magazine writer, or thinking about the Philadelphia 76ers of the NBA, who arrived in town three years ago, slarry-pantied, from Onondaga County, New York. There, as the Syracuse Nationals, they had been practically nobility and were licensed by the citizenry. Philadelphians carefully examined their genealogy and found it wanting. Fans stayed home. Only one of the town's three newspapers deigned to cover the activities of these intruders who dared to sport *PHILA* across their chests and the 13 stars of independence on their satin shorts. "Look," Owner Irv Kosloff says now, "this is a team that I used to hate."

Compounding the animosity was the fact that the *real* Philadelphia team, the Warriors, had moved to San Francisco, taking all of the real Philadelphia players. That is, Local Boys. In Philadelphia, Local Boys are absolutely essential. If the Battle of Waterloo were fought again in its entirety on roller skates in Fairmount Park, while overhead a host of angels sang ragtime, and good seats were a quarter apiece, the gate would hit about a buck and a half—unless Local Boys were employed in some substantial capacity. And Philly's Local Boys had gone West—Wilt Chamberlain, Guy Rodgers, even Wayne Hightower, Tom Gola was commuting to New York for games with the Knicks. Not so rash as that, Paul Arizin refused to play any farther away than Camden, N.J., which is just across the Delaware River on a good day. And the original Local Boy, the father of Philadelphia basketball, Eddie Gottlieb, was enduring his own Valley Forge in San Francisco. Without Eddie—"The Mogul"—no Philadelphia team could ever claim legitimacy. The 76ers were properly scorned.

Since those bleak days the team has undergone a slow metamorphosis. Some home-town fans still cynically suggest that the 76ers will forever turn into stooges before the Celtics, but now that the team has acquired the finest coach in the league—Alex Hannum—many are

beginning to abandon even that slur. Because, over the same period that they established the required image, the 76ers became the most powerful team in history. This year they are not only running away from the Celtics in the Eastern Division but also have achieved the finest record ever at this stage of the season, 32-3.

True enough, two of those losses were to Boston, and Philadelphia will surely meet the Celtics in the playoffs, in what has become the fiercest rivalry in professional sports. But victory would be even more pleasing this time, since so many of Philadelphia's own would be responsible. The list of Local Boys begins with Chamberlain and includes Wally Jones, Bill Melchionni, Matt Guokas and General Manager Jack Ramsay, formerly coach at St. Joseph's. Hannum, being related to the team on two sides, holds it together like a genuine family. He was Wilt's coach at San Francisco, and before that he coached the Syracuse emigrants—Chet Walker, Hal Greer, Dave Gambee and Larry Costello—up there. Furthermore, The Mogul is back in town, and his patriarchal presence makes the entire operation seem licit and bona fide.

Why, all three newspapers write about the 76ers these days. They have radio and TV coverage, and a toyletry company puts out a whole line of 76er products. You may win some if you have lucky-number program 1776. That gets the buyer a prize at each and every game—certainly a fitting memorial to our Founding Fathers. Attendance is up 50% this year, and crowds average nearly 8,000 in ancient Convention Hall—which, as every schoolchild knows, is either where the Declaration of Independence was signed or where Wendell Willkie was nominated. One of those. Next season a new 16,000-seat arena will be ready.

Philadelphia is, kidding aside, a metropolitan shrine to the sport of basketball. Games are on television virtually every night in the week. Any game. The other day Wake Forest vs. Cincinnati was beamed into town, live and in prime time. It was excuse enough that the Wake Forest coach was a Local Boy. "I have to say it," General Manager Ramsay says. "I think we've just got an ideal

*Way over the rim for a tip-in goes Chet Walker, who has been a big factor in Philly surge.*





situation—the team, the coach, the new arena and the city.”

It is, indeed, quite a team, massive in size and talent. But as the players gather for practice it is their manner that impresses even more. They are winners, and they laugh a lot. The largest of the 76ers, the one they call Norm, arrives, and shortly thereafter Hannum has the team form up in three lines for his favorite drill. Norm's random associates in the exercise turn out to be Kang and Cy (or Clops) “Humdiddy,” Norm says. It is his preferred practice expression, one that satisfies every possible emotion.

The drill is a simple weave, up and down the court. In the event that anyone misses the shot at either basket, however, all three must run the maneuver again. Invariably it becomes, as Hannum explains it, “a simple game of chicken.” Sure enough, Kang takes a dare from the sidelines and launches a long hook. It misses, comfortably. All three run again. “Humdiddy,” Norm says, chugging along. This time, happily, he gets the shot and bangs it fancifully against the backboard. Go again. On the sidelines, Wally Wonder leads the team in squeaky laughter.

This drill, and the accompanying merriment, is the mark of a Hannum team, despite his reputation for being a tough disciplinarian. But the 76ers seem particularly loose. “We’re happier,” Wally Wonder explains. “We’re happier because we’re closer. It takes a while to get used to each other.” Wally Wonder, who is Wally Jones in the box scores, has speeded the natural course of togetherness by dispensing nicknames all around.

Thus Norm—who is Wilton Norman Chamberlain, or Bulldog for Greer. Checkmate is Walker. The Phantom is Guckas. Billy Cunningham, long renowned as the great white jumper, the Kangaroo Kid, has had that cut to Kang. Jones tagged Melchionni Cy (or Clops) for his dead-eye shooting back when they were Local Boys together at Villanova.

Hannum anticipates a similar gift from Wally Wonder. Last year, at San Francisco, he was Sarge, in honor of his wartime job and the prevailing sentiment at practices that the Army had cast him well. “Now,” he says, “I’m just a dumb old bald-headed coach.”

He is, of course, a great deal more

than that. His colleagues hold his leadership, his philosophy, his technical approach and his general mastery of the art of coaching to be without peer. Nearly everyone in the NBA will start raving about Hannum at the mention of the name. Try Costello: “I’ve never heard of anyone who didn’t like Alex,” Walker. “Alex Hannum is the greatest thing that ever happened to us,” Chicago Bulls Coach John Kerr: “He’s a man’s man. If you could pick a father, you’d pick Alex Hannum.” Etc.

Last March, San Francisco Owner Franklin Mieuli fired Hannum because he wanted a coach who would devote the full year to working on the franchise; Hannum likes to go home to Los Angeles in the summer and work at his contracting business or play with his custom speed boat (he races in it or behind it on one ski at 60 to 70 miles per hour). The Warrior players were thrown into other shock at the firing. Eloquently and poignantly, Nate Thurmond explained his feelings. “I cried when I had to leave home for the first time,” Thurmond said, “and I cried today when I found out about Alex. I love that man. He was so much a builder of men. He has a way with men. I played a lot of games this year with a lot of pain in my back. I did it for myself, for the Warriors and for my teammates. Mostly I did it for Alex. With the pain, I’m not sure that I could have done it for anybody else.”

In the face of such testimony, it is ironic that Hannum is a coach only by accident. He was graduated from Southern California in 1948 with a business degree, but he also had a contract with the Anderson Packers, so he headed East. Anderson loaned him to the Oshkosh All-Stars. That’s the way it was in those days. Hannum was 6 feet 8, already balding, and an honest-to-goodness native southern Californian who had no idea, despite his interest in contracting work, what storm windows were until he heard about them up there in Oshkosh. “But I carried a card. I was learning the business,” he says. He was a journeyman carpenter, and the adjective served to describe him on the court, too. He never made more than \$8,500 a season and rattled around from Oshkosh to Syracuse to Baltimore to Rochester. He quit in 1954, but Ben Kerner called him up and asked him to come to Milwaukee. Kerner paid Hannum by the day. That’s the way it was. Then, after a sojourn at

continued



Wally Jones flips one of his long-eared friends.

Fort Wayne, Hannum went to St. Louis, to which Kerner had spirited his franchise. In midseason, as has been his wont, Kerner fired his coach, Red Holzman. Slater Martin, Hannum's roommate, grudgingly accepted the job but, since Hannum played so seldom, he began to run the team from the bench. The Hawks went on a trip, and Martin threw the whole job to Hannum. "What the hell," he said, "we're on the road. Who'll know who's coaching?" Finally Martin persuaded Kerner to appoint Hannum officially. So he became a coach.

"I came back next year," he says. "Kerner bought me a suit to sit on the bench with." This time, the season of 1957-58, he won the championship—the last year Boston was beaten—but then he quit, feeling that Kerner would never become enthusiastic about him. Hannum coached for two years in AAU ball and came back for three at Syracuse, always returning to his contracting business in the summer, always figuring it was coaching that was the temporary thing. When the Nationals moved to Philadelphia, Hannum left and took the San Francisco job. Finally, this year, he caught up with his old Nat players. "So here I am." A shrug. "Forty-three years old. Look, things have taken a pattern. I can't get out of this. Now it's the construction business that's hazier than ever." He

#### PHILLY TO THE TOP continued

says it in his soft, beguiling tenor voice. On the bench, it becomes a strident, desperate bark, a constant patter: "Shape, shape it!" "Get back, get back!" "Talk out there!" Over and over, he calls for the defense he wants, designated by color—white, yellow or green-orange—or makes less obscure suggestions to his players or the referees.

Still, for all his tough-guy reputation, Hannum could not succeed as a tough guy if he did not temper that role with contradictory qualities of softness and understanding. He complements all this with a scholar's approach to his job and a positively boyish enthusiasm for basketball. His forte and, indeed, the keystone of his coaching success, is a mother-of-pearl honesty. It is the essence of his character. Alex Hannum is a bald man who does not wear a hat. "You must be honest with your players in this league," he says. "Let them be perfectly aware of your motives. And then he dedicated and firm in accomplishing them. How else can you gain their respect?"

It has often been said that Hannum's greatest coaching achievement was some sort of psychological conquest of Chamberlain that, among other things, results in Wilt's shooting less when he plays on a Hannum team. Hannum maintains that there is nothing Machiavellian about it, that the relationship is based on respect, mutual understanding and common goals. Chamberlain shoots less because the Hannum system encourages balanced scoring, and that is the way for the team, Chamberlain and Hannum to win. Most of his other coaches encouraged Wilt to score. The relationship has not been without conflict, but most of it has been healthy debate—at least, ever since one of their first days together with the Warriors, when Chamberlain carefully intoned, "Alex, you don't know anything about coaching pro basketball."

Chamberlain not only is a natural part of the team, as he is treated by Hannum, but he has even taken it upon himself to assume leadership responsibilities. He can even laugh about it. "I think I overdid it," he confided, worn out but pleased, after a recent practice in which he had egged on his tired teammates by voice and example.

Chamberlain is also another willing believer in Hannum's theory that players should be encouraged to participate in formulating game plans. For instance,

the day before Philadelphia last played St. Louis, Hannum solicited strategy proposals. Immediately Chamberlain was on his feet, pacing and explaining. Gene Tormohlen, the Hawks' center, had bombed the 76ers from outside in their previous game. So Wilt suggested that a forward pick up Tormohlen, while he—Wilt—would cover 6-foot-5 Joe Caldwell. Caldwell, Chamberlain argued, was a lesser outside threat, and handling him would permit Wilt to lay back more. Hannum, however, found no advantage in the plan, but Chamberlain—apologetic at his persistence—continued to advocate it. Finally Hannum agreed to try it. In this case he valued backing a player's initiative over his own judgment.

The Philadelphia team is much the best that Hannum (and possibly anybody) has ever had. However often the Celtics beat the 76ers, Boston is unlikely to get much help elsewhere, for no other team can begin to match up against the awesome Philadelphia front court. Chamberlain is only one problem. The 76er forwards have something for everything. Walker is the best, a complete corner man. Jackson is all agile power. Cunningham shifty and a shooter. Gambee is the best defensively.

In the backcourt there is a lack of size, so teams with big guards can gain something of an advantage here. With Sam Jones and John Havlicek, the Celtics often go to their A series, which, in effect, shifts their guards into the forefront. But there is no guarantee that this strategy will succeed. Indeed, teams like St. Louis and Detroit have beaten Boston by penetrating with their guards, while the 76ers have foiled the same strategy when it is employed against them. Until the rule was changed, Chicago and New York achieved more controversy than success by repeatedly trying to foul Chamberlain (who is hitting only 46% at the free-throw line), instead of allowing him to shoot.

The 76ers' singular problem, then, is Boston and, specifically, the Boston defense. To counteract it Hannum is taking two approaches. First, he is trying to develop team pride in its own defense, and on occasion the green-orange wedge, the pressing defense that Hannum exploited so well at San Francisco, has been devastating. Second, he is introducing new patterns to foil the close Boston guarding. His particular concern is to

work the ball in to the forwards. With Russell behind them, the other Celtics are able to overplay their opponents, choke the lead passes and stay between the forwards and the backcourt man with the ball. The problem has been more acute for the 76ers because they have had to adjust to Chamberlain in a relatively stationary pivot. His predecessor, Kerr, the antithesis of Chamberlain, was a roving pivotman who would even come into the backcourt to set a pick and help free one of the guards from a tight defense.

Despite problems such as these, Boston's mastery over Philadelphia is often blithely dismissed as a case of Russell besting Chamberlain. This simplification ignores the existence of the rest of the great Boston defense. Besides, Russell does not contain Chamberlain so much as he inhibits the whole 76er team—a fact that cannot be shown by statistics. "The secret," as Hannum puts it, "is not that he blocks shots. The secret is that he spoils shots."

At any rate, does the Chamberlain-Russell face-off account for the 76er losses to Boston? Since he came back to Philadelphia, Wilt has faced Russell 29 times. (The 76ers lost one game in Boston last year when Chamberlain was out with pneumonia poisoning from a crab salad.) The tally in these games is 15-14 Boston—though, significantly, it was 8-4 in the playoffs. The 76ers won 11 of 13 at home, split two in Syracuse and lost 12 of 14 in Boston, where the Celtic defense is always at its best.

In the 14 victories Chamberlain has been overwhelming—averaging 35 points and 34 rebounds to Russell's 12 points and 20 rebounds. In the 15 Philly losses Russell has limited (if that is the word) Wilt to 27 rebounds and 26 points, while increasing his own rebounds to 26. By itself, this would support the theory that Philadelphia loses when Chamberlain is cut down.

It ignores, however, the fact that the other 76ers must also contend with Russell and his cohorts. Consider, for instance, the second best 76er scorer, Hal Greer, who must face K. C. Jones every time Chamberlain meets Russell. "It is face-to-face the whole way," Greer says. And should he shake K. C., another Celtic jump-switches in front of him. Significantly, Greer's performances slink off in losses (mostly in the games played in the Boston Garden) in just about the

same proportion as Chamberlain's do. Greer has shot 47% and averaged 23 points in the wins over the Celtics, but in the losses he managed only 38% and 18 points.

The versatile Boston defense offers an even more striking illustration of its power in the case of Cunningham. A rookie last year, he was not watched so carefully early in the season, and he averaged 18 points for the first six meetings. Then the Celtics clamped down. Thereafter he eked out about seven points a game, and when the Celtics really concentrated on Cunningham in the playoffs he managed a grand total of five baskets in 31 shots.

Hannum realizes that Chamberlain—whether a shooting or a passing Chamberlain—is still only one part of a team that must increase its total effort. Other-

wise the 76ers will not overcome the one team in basketball that still can frustrate all their hopes. They could set a season's record, finish 10 games in front of the Celtics and again lose it all to the Celtic defense in the playoffs. All year, every game—in a sense—Hannum and his team are addressing themselves to this point.

And in Boston, where they ask, "How much does he know?" they are aware of what Hannum knows. He probably would have been the Celtic coach this year had Russell not wanted the job. Also he remains the last man to have taken a world championship from the Celtics. Besides, a bald coach with a bearded center traditionally wins the NBA title. At a late hour last night Philadelphia was the only team that possessed this combination. **END**

*As sweetly Chamberlain holds, Hannum is typically decisive in a court-side strategy session.*





After Denver victory that clinched Bills' Eastern title, Jack Kemp displays a monster check purporting to show the amount each man will collect

A year ago the Buffalo Bills found themselves in somewhat the same position they are in this week. It was being suggested around the country that the American Football League championship game would be as thrilling as an evening with Lawrence Welk, and the fault was Buffalo's. The Bills were defending champions—a freak event in itself, many said—but they had too many injuries and not enough offense to be able to repeat.

Their opponents were the San Diego Chargers, one of the best teams ever assembled in the AFL. Paul Lowe was

leading the league in rushing. Lance Alworth was having a brilliant season catching passes and the San Diego defense still had Ernie Ladd and Earl Faison as its terrorists. In 1964 the Bills had beaten the Chargers for the championship. But that was the year Alworth was hurt and Keith Lincoln was knocked out of the game early. It was difficult to believe that the Bills might do it again. "If we don't beat them by at least three touchdowns, I'm going to quit and become a plumber," said one of the Chargers.

The man who said that is still playing.

But the Bills, who worked themselves into a state of righteous fury reading about their inadequacies, are still champions. They humiliated the Chargers 23-0 last year in the playoff game. It was a day that San Diego Coach Sid Gillman will forget about as soon as he forgets how to lace his shoes.

Change the name of Buffalo's opponent, and next Sunday's game begins to sound familiar. The new opponent is Kansas City, perhaps the finest team in AFL history. The Chiefs are big, fast and loaded with ability. They have good passing, good running, good blocking.





When Buffalo wins the AFL title and, yes, the Supergame

## UNDERDOGS WITH SOME GREAT BIG IDEAS

*Buffalo should lose Sunday's AFL championship game to Kansas City, a better team, but don't bet on it. Such talk just makes the Bills feel mean, and belittled Bills score upsets*

by EDWIN SHRAKE

good kicking and a solid defense. Seven Chiefs were elected to the AFL All-Star team, and there might have been more if the size of the Kansas City group had not become embarrassing. The Chiefs wrapped up the West with two games left to play. Buffalo would not have made it into the championship game at all had Boston not blown a game to the Jets in the final week.

So Kansas City should win the AFL championship. That's obvious. Right? Well, right. You would have to think so. But the Bills are nowhere near as underdoggy as they were last year, when

they won easily. The reasons are: 1) the fact that the game will be played in Buffalo, which could give the Bills an emotional edge; 2) the possibility of deep snow, which could turn the game into a sloppy, skidding affair that anybody could win; and 3) Buffalo's esprit de corps, which may well be superior to that of the Chiefs.

Man for man, beginning with the quarterback, the Chiefs are superior. It is not that Len Dawson of Kansas City is better than a healthy Jack Kemp. The thing is that Kemp is not healthy. In training camp he had a tennis elbow. His

throwing arm has hurt him all year. A strong passer and tricky outside scrambler, Kemp finished the season with a completion average of .427, a figure that most teams could not win with. If his arm is too painful in the championship game he will be replaced by Daryle Lamonica, who, with time and experience, should become a first-rate quarterback.

Dawson also has had arm trouble, but not this year. He exercised steadily throughout the spring and showed immediate improvement in the fall. He has the power now to drill a pass between fast-closing defensive backs, and he can

*Continued*

throw deep. His coach, Hank Stram, says Dawson is the most accurate passer in the AFL. This year Dawson hit for 26 touchdowns and threw only 10 interceptions while building up a .560 completion percentage. Oddly enough, if he has to be replaced in the championship game a number of Kansas City fans will be cheered. Dawson is leading the league, but the Chiefs' No. 2 quarterback, Pete Beathard, has attracted an enthusiastic following. "We could win with Pete right now if we had to," says Stram. Of course, he would rather not have to.

In running backs, the Chiefs have a slight advantage. With Kemp not hitting his passes consistently this year, the Bills had to get steady contributions from their runners, and they did. Fullback Wray Carlton, a veteran who can be depended upon for the tough short yardage, had his best season with 696 yards and a 4.5 average. One factor that helped Carlton raise his total was the appearance of rookie Halfback Bobby

Burnett of Arkansas. Burnett carried the ball 232 times for the 1965 Razorbacks without fumbling once, and he continued that sort of reliability for the Bills, running for 766 yards to finish fourth in the league. Although Burnett and Carlton are dependable, the Kansas City runners are more explosive. Rookie Mike Garrett has rushed for 801 yards, second in the league behind Boston's Jim Nance—and equal to the total for Oakland's Clem Daniels. Garrett's alternae, tall Bert Coan, picked up 521 yards and seven touchdowns. Fullback Curtis McCClinton, used mostly as a blocker, gained 540 yards for an offense that Stram tries to keep as balanced as possible.

The Chiefs have a wider advantage in receivers. Last year the Bills lost both their best receivers—Elbert Dubenion and Glenn Bass—with injuries early in the season, but won without them. Gallant as that was, it confirmed what had been suspected—that Dubenion and

Bass were simply not so special anyhow. Dubenion, who is called Golden Wheels, has the speed you would expect from that nickname, but he is not particularly a clutch receiver. The tight end, 240-pound Paul Costa, was expected to be one of the best in the league but is still far from proving it.

Kansas City, however, has one of the finest deep receivers to come into professional football in several years—a man who would not have to give away much, if anything, to stars like Bob Hayes or Lance Alworth. His name is Otis Taylor. He is big, a vicious blocker, a whirlaway runner and has 9.6 speed. His per-catch average this season, his first as a starter, was 22.4 yards, better than either Hayes or Alworth. The presence of Taylor at flanker has helped veteran Split End Chris Burford avoid double coverage and produce 58 catches. The tight end, Fred Arbanas, though blind in one eye, is the best in the league.

The Kansas City offensive line is prob-



*Diving for a gain against San Diego, Kansas City's swift little halfback, Mike Garrett, shows the versatility that made him Chiefs' top runner.*



The Chiefs' fullback, Curtis McClellan, takes a hand-off from Len Dawson. At right, his Buffalo counterpart, Wray Carlton, runs against Denver.

ably superior to Buffalo's this year, since the Bills lost Dave Behrman with an injury before the season began. The Kansas City guards, Ed Budde and Curt Merz, have unusual size and strength. The leading citizen of the offensive line is 290-pound Tackle Jim Tyrer. The Bills have no one who can match Tyrer in size, but in Guard Billy Shaw and Tackle Seew Barber they do have two veterans of All-AFL quality.

Offensively, Kansas City is decidedly better than Buffalo. Defense is another matter. The Chiefs have an edge in speed, the Bills in strength, and in both cases the defensive lines and linebacking will be superior to the offensive lines they will face. The Bills claim that their tackles—Tom Sestak and Jim Dunaway—are the top two in the league. The ends, Ron McDole and Tom Day, are expert pass rushers. Linebackers Mike Stratton, John Tracey and Harry Jacobs have played together for five years and react intuitively to each other. The Bills are very difficult to run against. Although they do not often blitz, their pass rush can be devastating. Given time to

throw, almost any pro quarterback can beat almost any secondary, but it is doubtful that Dawson, who has a penchant for being dropped for losses, will get that much time.

In their defensive line the Chiefs have two of the best in either league—End Jerry Mays and Tackle Buck Buchanan. If there is a place to attack the line, it is at Tackle Andy Rice, who is filling in for the injured Ed Lothamer. The linebackers are every bit as good as Buffalo's and may be better. The outside men are E. J. Holub and Bobby Bell, both of whom are tall, fast and quick to react to the run. The middle linebacker, Sherrill Hendrick, calls defensive signals and has a great knack for being where the ball is. If the ends can keep Kemp from scrambling and if Kemp is not unusually accurate passing, the Chiefs should be able to stop the running of Carlton and Burnett.

A pro football team has a style, much the same as an actor does. In the matter of style, the Chiefs and the Bills are very different. Their game, in fact, matches styles similar to those in the NFL cham-

peionship game the same day. Buffalo, like Green Bay, is a team with few offensive plays, relying on execution and a grinding short-gain offense. Kansas City, like Dallas, has the striking ability to score on any play. The Chiefs can run four good plays and score four touchdowns. The Bills can run four good plays and make 20 yards.

If Buffalo is to win, it must be on defense. That was the situation last year, and the defense responded by shutting out the Chargers. After that game the Buffalo defense voted the game ball to young Defensive Coach Joe Collier. That vote helped Collier become the Bills' head coach, replacing Lou Saban. This week Collier took his Bills to the Wake Forest campus in Winston-Salem, N.C. to work out away from the frigid Buffalo weather, hoping Quarterback Kemp and Offensive Captain Shaw could recover from bouts with the flu, while the Buffalo defense was preparing for the Chiefs. For the third year in a row the Bills are reading that they are supposed to lose. They are paying just as much attention as ever.

END

# ASIA: BENEATH THE RISING SUN

*When the Asian Games ended last week in Bangkok the Japanese had won the most medals, the Filipinos had skipped out on a sex test and the Thais had taken first honors for impromptu (and illegal) karate* by **MARVIN ZIM**

A Bangkok's well-scrubbed national stadium one scene became almost a ritual. The public address announcer would proclaim that a victory ceremony was about to start and a Japanese athlete, or more probably two of them, in bright red sweat clothes would amble onto the field to accept his due. Three Thai beauty queens in shiny, ankle-hugging silk dresses and high, complicated hardos would march forward bearing gold, silver and bronze medals (the gold one more often than not went to a Japanese), and at the opposite side of the stadium a scruffy police band would break into *Kimigayo*, the Japanese anthem.

This year's Asian Games, the fifth held since they were inaugurated in 1951, would have been a whole lot more fun if the Japanese had not come. Their victories became so predictable that the games lacked suspense. Japan won 78 of the 140 gold medals being offered, plus 53 silver and 33 bronze medallions. Its flashy distance runners were often dueling each other for first place, blithely lapping a huffing field. At the swimming pool Japan won all 28 events, and since there was no band at the pool, three recordings of *Kimigayo* were soon worn out.

The Japanese took it all in their strides, accepting congratulations at the finish line with weak smiles. Back at their headquarters at the neat games village they charted their progress on two long cardboard sheets, but they only bothered to underline the names of those who had won gold medals.

Red China, which claims some top-flight sprinters and supposedly the world's best high jumper in competition today, might have challenged the Japanese, but was excluded. Instead, it entered the rival games of the emerging Asian nations held a few weeks earlier in Phnompenh, Cambodia against North Korea, North Vietnam and Cambodia, which is forever having border disputes with Thailand. But more conspicuously

absent from Bangkok were the Russians, who are classified by the games authorities as Europeans, a judgment that would surprise a lot of Siberians. Nor did Australia qualify. The Japanese claim that the athletic Australians live in Oceania, which may be true, but the Aussies were not represented at the South Pacific Games in Noumea, New Caledonia either. These ran almost concurrently with the Asian Games and were strictly for the people of Oceania. But 18 countries did make it to Bangkok, including Israel and Taiwan, neither of which was able to compete in the 1962 Asian Games in Indonesia because Sukarno refused to invite them. So much for the complicated ethnology of it all.

Japan had many heroes and heroines in everything from Ping-Pong to the pole vault. None did better than Michiko Kihara, a stringy 18-year-old high school girl who won the 100- and 200-meter freestyle swimming races and then anchored two successful relay teams. The most dramatic Japanese victory, though, came in the 3,000-meter steeplechase. Willow Taketsugu Saruwatari, who works for Yawata Iron and Steel (as do a large number of Japan's athletes), was content to let Iran's Mohammed Mir Hussein lead for all but the last lap of the race. Then, turning it on, he was pulling steadily away to an easy victory when, ker-plunk, he went face down in the water at the last water hurdle. He picked himself up and hurried off—and still won the race by 15 yards.

The games' most controversial athlete never participated. Mona Sulaman, the Philippines' star sprinter, refused to take a test to verify that her sex was indeed fair. At first, in fact, she would not come to the games. Then, apparently succumbing to heavy pressure at home, she changed her mind. Amid great publicity Mona flew to Bangkok just before the games started, but once there refused to see a doctor. Unyielding officials still insisted on the sex test,

and Mona again said no. Amid even greater publicity she returned to Manila, where she was soon summoned before a congressional committee.

Still left unanswered is the question of whether Mona is a Filipino or Filipina. "She acts like a girl, but she talks like a man. I think she's a girl," concluded one of Mona's teammates. Team Physician Antonio Vergara was less generous. "Of course, I have my doubts," he said. The question is more than academic. In 1962 Mona set Asian Games records in the 100- and 200-meter dashes—records that still stand.

The best answer to the sex test was the one rendered by Israel's Debra Markus, a modern-dance teacher at the Hebrew University. "My husband never had any doubts," she said, and then went on to prove that she could run, too, dramatically winning the 200-meter race for women with a last-minute lunge at the tape that nipped Japan's onrushing Miyoko Tsujishita. Debra hit the dirt track hard, fell unconscious and had to be carried off the field on a stretcher, but an hour later she was spry enough to accept a gold medal at the victory ceremony.

Israel, as it turned out, was the surprise team of the games. Although it was represented by only 23 entrants, one of the smallest contingents, almost every one of its athletes ended up with a medal. The Israelis gave the Japanese the stiffest challenges they faced in the swimming events, and Israel's towering basketball team, with a starting five who averaged 6 feet 2, ran away from the smaller Asians.

India was another impressive also-ran. Although the decision to send its team came less than a week before the games started—there was a cabinet-level squabble over how much foreign exchange could be spared—its athletes did wonderfully well in track and field, winning two middle-distance races, the discus, the shotput and the high jump. Its



Before Thailand's puzzling behavior became a cause of concern, King Bhumibol and the lovely Queen Sirikit presided at opening ceremonies.

brawny field-hockey team, composed almost entirely of bearded, long-haired Sikhs, beat Pakistan for the championship in a bruising game in which Kashmir as well as a gold medal seemed to be at stake.

No national team took itself quite so seriously as the bellicose Iranians, who were an interesting counterpoint to the soft-spoken Orientals. The day of the opening ceremonies the Iranians threatened to pull out of the games if they could not march ahead of the Israelis, who, according to the Thai alphabet, should have come first. Treating the Iranians as spoiled children, the Israelis solved the problem by letting them go ahead.

A few days later the Iranians were again threatening to quit the games. After losing to Japan in a riotous soccer game, Hussein Mobasher, president of the Iranian Football Federation, stormed onto the field to protest to the hapless Thai referee, a fellow who listed his name as P. Rophoethong. The chunky Rophoethong replied with a fast right jab to the eye and then drifted back into a layer of policemen. "I would have hit him back," said the incensed Mobasher, "but there were too many people around." The Iranian delegation

huffily protested that it was going to walk out of the games unless an official apology was forthcoming, but the apology never came, and the Iranians decided to stay anyway.

As for the home-town Thais, they were busily acquiring for themselves the reputation of being the worst sports in Asia. When their soccer team was eliminated by a more agile Japanese team, the Thai players took to slugging the Japanese behind referees' backs but in full view of 40,000 fans, most of whom thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle. In basketball the Thais proved more adept at elbowing than at shooting and, as a result, reached the finals, although there were clearly better teams in the tournament. In a semi-final game against Korea, Forward Rangson Supachitranan guarded Korea's star Shin Dong Pa by ducking down every time Shin went up for a jump shot. When Shin came down, he met an elbow or a shoulder that usually sent him sprawling and finally made him gun shy. On one inspired occasion Supachitranan managed to duck a shoulder under Shin's crotch to catch him on the way down.

The city of Bangkok, however, survived the games without visibly suffering from the ordeal and the Thais, who

are not noted for precision (one of the popular phrases in their language is *taam ngraw sabai*, which means work leisurely), did a tolerably good job of organizing the games. A miscalculation in erecting the new swimming pool, leaving it an inch short of 50 meters, was corrected a month before the games began. Most events started at the time they were supposed to. Dozens of Asian Games records were set, but only two, both world records in weight lifting, were of international consequence. The Japanese, who set most of the records and should have been pleased, were not particularly. To them the games were merely warm-ups for the 1968 Olympics, and their coaches would have been happier if there had been more competition. Determined to make a better showing than they had at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, where they won no major gold medals, they have developed ambitious long-range training programs in track and field and in swimming. The programs, explains Noriyuki Sakurai, a cautious gentleman who is in charge of foreign affairs for the Japan Amateur Sports Association, consist simply of "training people at a younger age and training more trainers." In Bangkok two weeks ago that, at least, seemed logical enough.

END

## DOWN TO THE SEA IN GADGETS

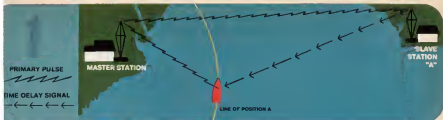
The boat is just the beginning. Once you have acquired that 35-foot sport-fisherman, that tall and graceful auxiliary, that offshore trawler gone yacht or even that jaunty little outboard runabout, the question becomes: How much navigational equipment can you afford to pile on board? The exhibi-

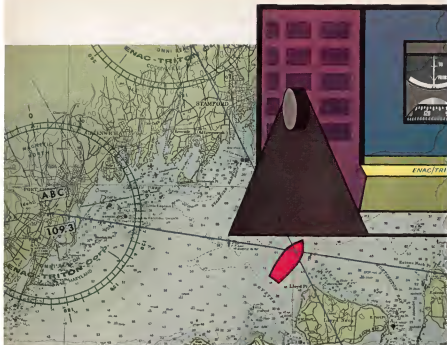
itors' booths at boat shows all over the country will soon be twinkling and beckoning with electronic gadgetry shiny and appealing enough to make a yachtsman's mouth water like a child's before a Christmas tree. It will be no time to remember that Columbus made it across the "western ocean" with little more than a magnetized needle and a lead line. Ship-to-shore telephones (below), radio direction finders, radar, autopilots—the modern boatman thinks them all as vital to existence afloat as his life jackets. It was no virtue on the part of Columbus, says the modern sailor, but only good luck that he was able to pinpoint his position in mid-Atlantic without a loran like that on the opposite page. There was bad luck, too—Columbus could not study the contours of the ocean bottom and find a school of fish for dinner with an electronic depth-sounder, nor could he turn his helm over to an automatic pilot guaranteed to steer a truer course than any quartermaster. Thanks to the nautical gadgetry pictured here and on the following pages, any landlubber can now put to sea better able to find his way home than a motorist on an unmarked cloverleaf. And he will have the joy of owning some of the prettiest toys ever conceived.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DONALD ROSS



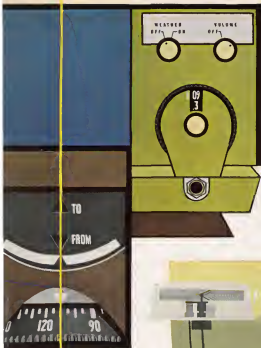
Loran (meaning long range), the most sophisticated of all electronic aids, is designed to give the navigator an accurate position fix from stations up to 1,400 miles away. Each loran master station broadcasts a series of pulses, which is picked up and rebroadcast by one or more slave stations. The shipboard receiver picks up both of these signals and measures in microseconds the difference in time it took for them to arrive. From this measurement the navigator is able to place his boat along a hyperbolic line of position already marked on deep sea charts. The intersection of any two such L.o.p.s. determines his position.





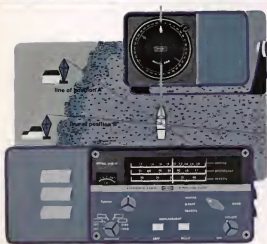
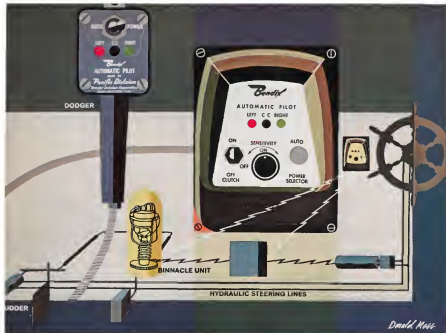
Omni (above), short for omnidirectional visual range, the newest and in some ways the best of the boating electronic aids, was developed for flyers. A refinement of the old airport beam, it consists of a network of stations, each broadcasting a full circle of 360 beams that can be instantly identified on the dial of the receiving set. A navigator therefore only needs to tune in two stations and read off his bearing from each to get a positive fix. Though limited to line-of-sight reception, Omni is far quicker and more accurate than the rotating antenna system of an ordinary radio direction finder like the one pictured at the left.





By now most Americans have become familiar with the luminous "blips" that appear on radar screens like the one shown below. These are, in reality, the electronic echoes of radio pulses sent out from the radar to bounce off objects ahead. The depth-finder at left of radar set works on the same echo principle. A device called a transducer, set in the boat's bottom, sends pulses down, then the indicator measures the time it takes for echoes to return. These measurements are translated into depth in feet and are shown on a dial on the boat's bridge. The small red lines at 15 feet indicate a school of fish; the bolder red line at 35 feet is the sea bottom.





Unlike an ordinary radio direction finder (RDF) whose loop antenna must be aimed manually at the broadcast source to determine its direction, an ADF, or automatic direction finder, gives a direct reading of the station's bearing on a dial calibrated in compass degrees and minutes. Like the RDF, it can tune in on virtually all kinds of broadcasts and hence use all manner of stations and beacons as landmarks from which to establish a line of position.

Hidden below decks, the small binnacle is the heart of the automatic pilot pictured at left. Once the course is chosen and the pilot turned on, a tiny photoelectric eye in the binnacle fixes on a compass card, watching it for any slightest change of course. When one occurs, it signals the power-steering mechanism to correct with right or left rudder. The skipper can, if he likes, countermand the autopilot's orders with a hand-held "dodger" to steer around a piece of driftwood, but once he lets go it again assumes its rigid command.

While the money a man can spend on navigational gadgetry is almost limitless, the transistor age has made it possible for the moderately well-to-do skipper of the *Sisire Q* to equip his bridge with gear once seen only aboard vessels like the *Queen Mary*. When Ioran was first introduced, for example, an adequate installation weighed hundreds of pounds and cost well up into the thousands. Today you can get a fully transistorized Ioran (Model CA 400A) from Raytheon for a mere \$1,775, and it is capable of doing almost anything the *Queen Mary's* Ioran can do. It weighs only 25 pounds complete and runs off a 12-volt battery. If the price is still too steep, you can get a cheaper model from Enac/Triton, with a range of 700 miles, for only \$1,195. It weighs only 15 pounds. Even better than Ioran for the short haul, Enac/Triton's omnigrator can be had for a trifling \$895.

Since omni broadcasting, like television, can be transmitted only from antenna to antenna in a straight line, its use is limited to 40 miles or so from the beaming station. Even this limited distance may be reduced unless your antenna is mounted on a high enough mast. Triton, the leading maker of omni, suggests a minimum of 35 feet. Moreover, since it began as a navigational aid for aircraft, omni is still largely dependent on stations located to serve the air rather than the sea.

Far cheaper, more compact, less accurate but still a vital aid to the small-boat sailor caught out in a fog is a whole family of radio direction finders, which range in price from \$90 to \$500. Basically these instruments are simply multiband portable radio receivers with loop antennas that can be swung around an arc to aim at whatever broadcasting station the set is tuned to. When the antenna is lined up with the station, the sound dies to a minimum (called a null) to give the operator a bearing on that station. Besides pointing the way to shore, these little RDFs can be used to pick up a sailor's favorite disc jockey or news broadcast on the regular band, Coast Guard warnings,

ship-to-shore phone conversations, weather reports and special radio beacons on the other bands. Any broadcasting station can be used to obtain a bearing, but the accuracy of the final fix depends to a great extent on the sophistication of the instrument being used and the skill of the navigator using it. And all are subject to such vagaries of broadcast transmission as the "night effect" that deflects some radio waves after dark.

Automatic direction finders (ADFs) perform much the same function as the RDFs, but they are more complicated and hence far more expensive. The cheapest ADF runs about \$1,100, the most expensive around \$1,600. One of the handiest is Enac/Triton's ADF-360, which, unlike most sets, combines the direction-indicator dial and the radio receiver in one compact unit, measuring only six inches high, 10 deep and 11 wide. Its tidy shape makes it ideal for small cruising auxiliaries, where space is always at a premium, and its price is only \$1,195.

The biggest percentage of the \$30 million spent annually for navigational gadgetry goes for electronic depth-sounders, or, as some of them are known, "fish finders." Navigators use them to avoid running aground and to locate the shelving entrances of harbors, scuba divers use them to find wrecks and possible treasure trove, fishermen to spot a fat catch cruising just above the bottom. The more elaborate ones cost elaborate money, but the hobbyist—even the unskillful one—can assemble his own Model MI-11A from the Heath Co. of Benton Harbor, Mich. for \$70. Raytheon's Model DE 725A costs \$250, but it is handily portable and takes no more space than a clock-radio. The Bendix DI 5A weighs less than 10 pounds, costs \$235.

To give them free hands for the operation of all these gadgets, as well as to let them sip martinis with their guests on the quarterdeck, most boat-owners now are insisting that what they need most is an automatic pilot to steer the boat in open water. It's not too much to insist on: Bendix makes an excellent model (14A) for \$695, Raytheon another (the 362) for \$685. Compared, say, to the price of a good radar set, that is nothing.

The most exotic piece of navigational equipment a yachtsman can buy and the one that gives him incontestably the greatest status is radar. No amount of one-upmanship at the yacht-club landing can face down that little curved antenna, revolving so arrogantly at masthead to seek out the secrets of fog and darkness. For this reason, if for no other, radar sales are booming as never before. Despite a list price of \$2,495, Kaar Electronics reports a substantial backlog of orders for its comparatively tiny Voyageur model. Other companies are selling their bigger, more expensive sets just as fast. It's enough to make a yachtsman wish the fog would never lift.

The best part of all the trend to gadgetry is that, besides adding fun and status to the hobby of boating, every one of these devices—properly used—makes a genuine contribution to safety at sea.

ENO

# THE BOWL GAMES and THE SEASON

In that great two-point conversion in the sky there will no doubt be an NCAA football playoff. Until then, however, there will only be the postseason bowl games. These attractions are a lot of fun, of course, and certainly American, but the trouble with them is that only infrequently do they help determine a true national champion. The games in the Sugar, Cotton, Orange, Gator and Rose bowls this time around are good cases in point. They resemble the interesting intersectional contests that schools for years have been scheduling in September or early October, before they get into their conference games. Each one might well turn into a rouser, diverting millions from their holiday hangovers, but none of them figure to settle anything more important than which school has the prettiest cheerleaders (see cover).

There should be a lot of gaudy offenses, to be sure, devised for such gifted players as Florida's Steve Spurrier, Purdue's Bob Griese, Georgia Tech's Lenny Snow, Syracuse's Floyd Little, SMU's Jerry Levis, Alabama's Ken Stabler and Nebraska's Harry Wilson, among many others, who will be on display for the 370,000 ticket-holders and the 50 million expected to watch on television. But only one of the five major games, the Sugar Bowl, can have any serious impact on the national scene.

In New Orleans, Alabama, the only major undefeated, untied team in America, will make a desperate effort to grab a share of the national championship smorgasbord that is spread out every season. Bear Bryant's Crimson Tide meets Nebraska, a 9-1 team and champion of the Big Eight, and, should there be any doubt about it, the Tide sought out the Cornhuskers for the very purpose of achieving a No. 1 ranking.

"Usually we pick the place," says Bryant, "but this time we picked the team. Notre Dame doesn't go to bowls, so Nebraska was the best team we could meet."

There are almost as many national championship awards as there are conferences—four notable ones, in fact. But three of them have escaped Alabama. The AP and UPI have already crowned Notre Dame, and the Hall of Fame Foundation has awarded a co-championship to the Irish and Michigan State, the two teams which played a 10-10 standoff in what was billed as the game of the century and should have encouraged someone from Kansas State, Vanderbilt or Lehigh to insist, "Two tie, all tie."

The national title still to be given out is that of the Football Writers Association of America, a sensible organization that has always waited until after the bowl games to name its winner. Should Alabama defeat Nebraska, which

is no foregone conclusion, it would have a strong case. It would not only have an 11-0 record to put up against the 9-0-1 of Notre Dame and Michigan State, it would have whipped more foes who had winning records than any other team in the country—six, for example, to Notre Dame's four.

Right down to the New Orleans kickoff, The Bear is fighting every way he can for his fourth No. 1 trophy because, among other things, he says, "this is a better team than the last two of ours that won it."

Says Bryant, "We've done everything that was asked of us. So we won all our games. It was said nobody had ever beaten Tennessee, Mississippi and LSU in the same season, and we did that. We came from 10 points down against Tennessee and didn't go for a tie. We went for a win and got it."

The Tennessee game gave Bryant the opportunity to draw one of the best remarks of his lifetime. The Tide won, all right, 11-10, at Knoxville, overtaking what was certainly the best 7-3 team in the country. But the Vols missed a field goal in the last 16 seconds from Alabama's 11-yard line. Asked later what he would have done if the ball had been booted straight, Bryant said, "Blocked it."

While the Sugar Bowl will have the most significance, the Rose Bowl on this occasion will have the least, or none. The teams that should be playing are Michigan State and UCLA, a pairing that would have as much bearing on No. 1 as Alabama-Nebraska, but instead the Pasadena sponsors were forced to be content with Purdue and USC. The Big Ten has a hypocritical rule that prevents a champion from returning to California. Which accounts for Purdue's presence. To further weaken the attraction, the Pacific Coast voted for USC, then 7-2, to be the host team over 9-1 UCLA, even though the Bruins defeated the Trojans 14-7 and even though the selectors knew that a large, unspecified number of Trojans would be ineligible to play in a bowl. Ignoring the second consideration, the Pacific Eight reasoned that Southern California had played one more conference game than UCLA and therefore was one game better. After its selection USC promptly lost to angry Notre Dame 51-0 and announced that nine players, including two starters, would not play in the bowl.

Meanwhile the Cotton Bowl has taken pride in matching two conference champions, SMU from the Southwest and Georgia from the Southeastern. But what manner of conference champions are they, really? SMU did win the title, but it lost to Arkansas 22-0 in its big test and scratched out a couple of last-minute victories over two other opponents,

by DAN JENKINS

Texas A&M and Rice, which Arkansas thrashed 34-0 and 31-20. That the powerful Razorbacks managed to get upset by Baylor and Texas Tech with a team that should have tap-danced to a 10-0 record is one of the less fathomable mysteries of the season. The Hogs paid dearly for those blunders, missing out on any kind of bowl, but still had a very decent 8-2 record.

As for Georgia, it was awarded a co-championship although it played one less conference game than Alabama. But the Bulldogs got to count their North Carolina game in the standings, something UCLA did not get to do on the West Coast with, say, Air Force, Missouri or Rice, any one of which would have made as much sense—if any can be made of such a thing at all.

It was a season that jarred spectators' senses continually because of what it was and what it was not. Throughout the campaign high chalk, as the bettors call it, prevailed, which means that favorites came through consistently—and bug. Upsets were fewer than in a dozen or so seasons past, obviously because of platooning, the substitution rule that helps the rich get richer. And even upsets that seemed to occur were not considered upsets later on. For example, Miami jolted USC 10-7 at midseason, and responsible handicappers thought it calamitous. But a few Saturdays passed, and the truth became clear: Miami was a stronger team with a better record. If, at the end, anything resembled an old-fashioned, kill-yourself upset it was Texas Tech's 21-16 sneak attack on Arkansas.

It was a season in which a wrong call by an official might have won the Heisman Trophy. Florida State hit a touchdown pass on Florida—and Steve Spurrier—in the last second, but the receiver was ruled out of bounds. He was clearly in, as films proved. Florida won, however, and remained unbeaten through seven games to keep the nation's attention focused on Spurrier.

For controversy, nothing of any recent season equaled the Notre Dame-Michigan State game. Nor has it fully subsided. The importance of the game affected both teams to the point that they were too nervous to perform at their best, but there was plenty of hard tackling and excitement. The day was spoiled in the last minute when Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian chose to run out the clock and settle for a tie instead of trying for a victory until the last gasp. Parseghian's decision had a weird effect on some of college football's political elections.

The following week Michigan State moved ahead of Notre Dame in the UPI ratings, and the Irish's comfortable lead in the AP rankings was vividly lessened. Later on

Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty was voted Midwest Coach of the Year, over Parseghian. Considering Notre Dame's nationwide popularity, none of this would have happened if the Irish had not sat on the ball in that final minute. They would have won easily in all elections, receiving proper credit for their gallant comeback from 10 points down.

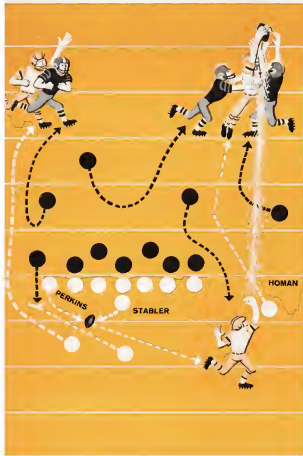
What saved Notre Dame, and its coach, was the happy circumstance of having one remaining game. And when the Irish bombed USC it lifted them safely back to the top of the wire-service rankings, though it still got them no better than another tie with the Spartans in the Hall of Fame considerations. The Hall of Fame took the more logical position that the Spartans and Notre Dame finished their seasons with identical records, and the fact that the Irish ended up a week later had no bearing on whether one was better than the other.

The season had no other controversies to approach the game at East Lansing, but there were a few bizarre tricks. A female voice, calling herself Texas Rose, went on the radio and riled up Oklahoma to the point of defeating Texas for the first time in eight years. She was, of course, an OU coed. Someone planted a homemade bomb under the turf at Iowa State, and there were rumors of a possible assassination attempt on SMU's Jerry Levis before the TCU game, but he caught a 68-yard touchdown pass anyhow and got home safely. Colorado State used a fake fumble with a pass on the end to hand Wyoming its only loss. A Washington back named Don Moore gained 221 yards against Ohio State, but two weeks later was kicked off the squad for disciplinary reasons. Paul Dietzel left Army for South Carolina, where things looked more fertile, and had a 1-9 record, and unknown Tom Cahill took over at West Point, where his record was 8-2, the best of any of the new men who took over at major schools.

It was a busy season for the trainers, as a batch of name players went down with injuries, most notably UCLA's Gary Beban, Michigan State's Bob Apisa, Notre Dame's Nick Eddy and Terry Hanratty, Georgia Tech's Kim King, Texas' Bill Bradley and North Carolina's Danny Talbott.

Although there were no surprisingly strong teams, except possibly SMU, there were many surprise stars, most of them sophomores. Among the best were Notre Dame's Hanratty and Jim Seymour, SMU's Levis, Georgia Tackle Bill Stanfill and Texas' Chris Gilbert, who rushed for 1,080 yards. Such athletes help make the incurable college fan yearn for a new season already. So, incidentally, do the bowls, scouting reports of which begin on the next page.

CONTINUED



## SUGAR BOWL

Ray Perkins, the All-America split end from Alabama, does not throw a football as well as he catches one. But don't be surprised if, in Alabama's rematch against Nebraska, in the Sugar Bowl on Jan. 2, you suddenly discover Perkins belling back from the line (left), giving ground and fingering the faces on the ball Quarterback Kenay Stabler has just slipped to him on the sly. The long, arching spiral that follows may fall incomplete, but then it may not, and if some swift Alabama back like Dennis Homan catches it there will be no catching him.

Trick, totally unexpected plays like this one—and those diagrammed on the following pages—were not responsible for putting Alabama or the other teams in the bowls, but they were used during the fall and could be trotted out again to decide the holiday-season games.

Last year Alabama won the national championship, as third in five years, by beating Nebraska 39-28 in the Orange Bowl, and the tackle-eligible play Alabama Coach Bear Bryant put in especially for the Cornhuskers that night was almost as dazzling as his team's outrageous speed. The Sugar Bowl, Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney kiddingly suggested, should bar the tackle-eligible play. Even if it did, Bryant would come up with something new—maybe even Homan passing to Perkins as a switch. But basically he will again rely on speed and agility to beat the hulking, slower Cornhuskers. Bryant will also have his boys convinced that only Nebraska stands between them and another national title, which means the Tide probably will play its best game of the season.

Some game, too. Perkins has broken many receiving records and together with Homan, the wingback, has made Stabler's third-down pass for the first and 10 as certain a play as there is in the game today.

*Stabler sprouts left on Alabama end-around pass, gives off to Perkins who carries ball high to draw defenders to him, then throws deep to Homan*

Not that there isn't any running. Fullback Les Kelley and Tailbacks Ed Morgan and Frank Canterbury have taken turns wheeling through the line behind All-America Tackle Cecil Dowdy, who, only 206, has led a charge up front that has had the other teams flagging and bewildered at the finish.

On defense, however, is where this Tide really surges. Ten opponents have scored a smashing 37 points on Tackles John Sullivan, 192, and Richard Cole, 196, and Linebackers Bob Childs, 186, and Mike Hall, 210. After Mississippi State somehow wrested 14 points from Alabama in the sixth game, the team got so mad it shut out LSU, South Carolina, Southern Mississippi and Auburn in succession. Alabama will go into the Sugar Bowl game unscored upon in 16 consecutive quarters.

The lead feet of Nebraska stuck out ominously throughout the loss to Oklahoma on Thanksgiving Day, and even though the Sooners are quick, they are not Alabama-quick. Nebraska particularly lacks speed where it needs it most—at fullback. Last year Devaney had a fast-starting fullback in Frankie Solich, the 156-pounder. But with 220-pound Pete Tatman, a step slower, now in his place, Nebraska is not what it used to be. Its longest touchdown from scrimmage this season was a 27-yard run by Bob Chudrich, a quarterback in high-topped shoes. The rest of the Cornhusker runners, 219-pound Ben Gregory and 212-pound Harry Wilson, get their share of yardage through sheer strength, but they carry the ball with all the finesse of a gaed. The resulting fumbles cost Nebraska two sure touchdowns against Iowa State, one each against Utah State and Kansas and set up other scores for the Jayhawks and Colorado.

Alabama, which almost never makes a mistake, eats up teams that do. The Tide should win handily, and if it starts to really roll, low-scoring Nebraska may never get a chance to use what became its most explosive play of the year, a blocked punt (right).



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES FLORA

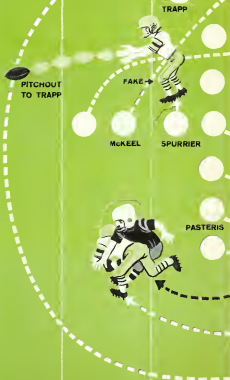
In Nebraska punt block play, McCord forces tackle Sinkbel to drive over center into blocking back to open path for Meylan to punter

## ORANGE BOWL

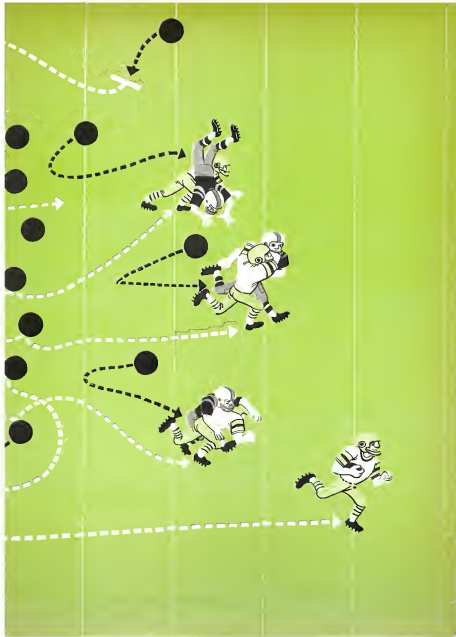
Until Georgia proved him to be only human, Quarterback Steve Spurrier had some people—even his own teammates—believing in Florida. Last September the Gators had been picked to win no more than half their games, but Spurrier led his team to seven straight wins by stirring his linemen to give him the extra second he needed to get the ball away. And when the opponent had the ball, Gator defenders battled just as hard to get it back so that the Heisman Trophy winner could throw again. It was not Spurrier and the line alone, however. Three new stars blossomed among the Gators: Larry Smith, a sophomore tailback, led the SEC in rushing and scoring, while Richard Trapp (right) and Paul Ewaldson filled in nicely for Charles Cisey, last year's All-American. But then Georgia snapped the win streak by controlling the ball and getting to Spurrier occasionally, just as Miami did later and as Georgia Tech will do Jan. 2.

Couch Bobby Dodd's "new look" Yellow Jackets have the toughest, toughest defense in their history, one that carried them to nine straight victories before that old spoiler, Georgia, showed that it was even tougher. The secret to Tech's success is the "Tech Wrecker," or rover back, Giles Smith, a converted fullback who has the knack of coming up with the big defensive play game after game, as do his partners, Linebackers Billy Schroer and W. J. Blane and Defensive Backs Bill Eastman and Sammy Bucke. Players like these are expert at buying Tech the field position it needs to send Quarterback Kim King and backs Lenny Snow and Craig Baynham on offensive spectaculars. Tech's only major trouble has been its inability to move the ball up the middle—but then, Florida's middle is not Georgia's.

*After faking hand-off to McKeel on Florida reverse, Spurrier pitches to Trapp, cutting back deep, as Pasteris makes a key block on end*







## COTTON BOWL

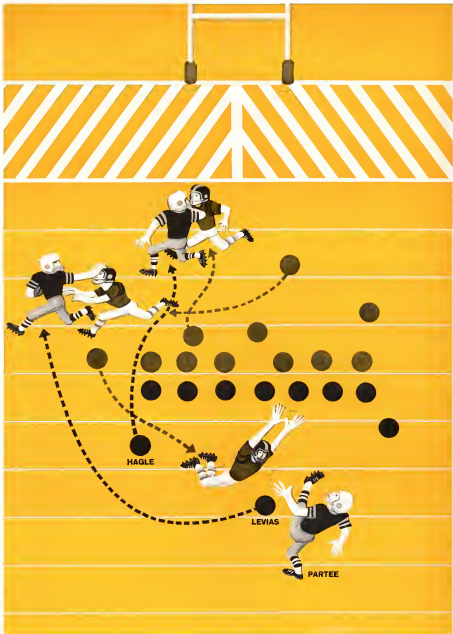
No one will ever know how good Georgia was this year, even after it has beaten SMU in the Cotton Bowl. In winning nine of 10 games the Bulldogs met four bowl teams. They defeated three of them—Ole Miss, Florida and Georgia Tech—and lost by a point to Miami. The other six was came over opponents too much in the class of SMU to give the Mustangs any comfort when the teams meet Dec. 31. Georgia is deep, strong and tough ("I'd rather play Alabama anytime," says Auburn's Shug Jordan), and its defensive tackles, 230-pound Jim Patton and Bill Stanfill, 340, are among the best anywhere at forcing offensive bobbles that can give the ball to the Bulldogs in game-breaking field position. Vince Dooley coaches a highly disciplined attack, built around hard-running Kent Lawrence, a 9.5 tailback, Fullbacks Ronnie Jenkins and Brad Johnson. One coach, scouting the Bulldogs, said: "They may start a game with unusual stuff [below], but when it doesn't work they go right back to what they do best—block, tackle and hurt—and, eh, how they hurt!"

"But the fourth quarter belongs to us," boasts SMU, and up to now it usually has. The Mustangs pulled out three of their eight wins with 18 seconds or less remaining, moving the ball best when the pressure was worst. Three of every four SMU plays come off threatening pass-run options by Quarterbacks Maz White and Mike Livingston, but Split End Jerry Levis is the real reason the Ponies have averaged 20 points a game. Levis scores every fifth time he gets the football, running back punts and kickoffs, catching passes and throwing or running from the old end-around. Invariably he has been involved in SMU's biggest plays (right), and Georgia will try to keep the ball away from him. All-America Middle Guard John LaGrone and a good defensive line will be out to get it back, but quicker Georgia should handle slower SMU fairly easily.

SMU's fake field goal (right) has Hagle fake a block on the end, then race downfield to take a linebacker with him, freeing Levis, the holder, who sweeps left on a pass-run option

Georgia spread (below) has Lawrence lined up behind tackle, guard and end, all set wide to the right. Moore takes a direct snap, then throws to Lawrence, who runs for daylight





## ROSE BOWL

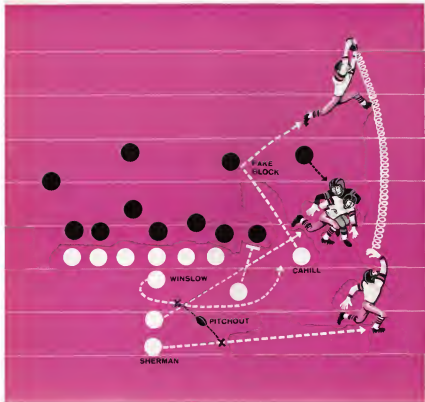
Close your eyes. Think of the past and of all that Rose Bowl glory. Now open them. Do you see Purdue playing Southern Cal on Jan. 2? It is true, but maybe because nothing at all hinges on the outcome of this game it will be a good one. For the Boilermakers, at least, it is bound to be a lot of fun, because winter has never found them any further west than Lafayette. For the Trojans there is the consolation that *they*, for a change, are in the Rose Bowl and UCLA or Oregon is not.

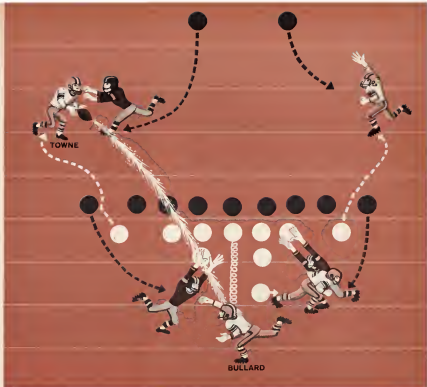
Leading Purdue through L.A. International Airport, Hollywood and Disneyland and into the game will be Quarterback Bob Griese, second only to Steve Spurner in one-man productions. Griese, who gets the ball away faster than any other college passer, also punts, kicks off, kicks extra points, kicks field goals and runs with the ball like a halfback. "Without Bob, well, we just wouldn't be here," says Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf in the sharpest analysis of his team made in the last three years.

The NCAA stripped USC of two of its best players and seven others, and although Coach Johnny McKay says he expects to lose them all along, their departure does not make the Trojans, who lost three games during the year, any stronger. The biggest loss was Ron Drake, the team's best receiver, whom Quarterback Troy Winslow liked to hit with short, eight- to 10-yards. Now Winslow will go to Halfback Rod Sherman. A precision runner and pass catcher, Sherman will also line up at tailback and throw the 29 Pitch Pass (below), which, in addition to an element of surprise, puts extreme pressure on the left defensive halfback. No play, however, will work often enough to pull the Trojans through against the Griese kid's stuff.

*Syracuse's Bellard, passing from a punt formation (right), gets snap directly from center, takes usual kicking step, then steps, straightens up and throws deep to End Tower*

*USC's Winslow, running parallel to the line on pick-pass play (below), intercepts to Sherman, who fakes run before lifting ball to Cahill, breaking hard toward the sidelines*





## GATOR BOWL

Tennessee, winner of seven games and the loser of three others by a total of 11 points, is the first team ever to come out of Knoxville with proficient, pro-like passing. Considering the caliber of the teams the Volunteers threw against all year, Syracuse is in deep, deep trouble. Its only two losses came at the hands of two other passers—Baylor's Terry Southall and UCLA's Gary Beban. All-America Halfback Floyd Little, Fullback Larry Csonka and the customarily bruising Syracuse line play brought the Orange back on an eight-game win streak, but, significantly, none of the victories was achieved against teams that threw well.

On his good days, Tennessee Quarterback Dewey Warren ranks among the best passers around, and few have better receivers. Split End Johnny Mills holds

every important Tennessee receiving record, Wingback Richmond Flowers, the sophomore huddler, gets more dangerous every game, and although Tight End Austin Denney has caught only 21 passes this year, seven have gone for touchdowns.

Defensively, the Vols are not particularly large, but, led by Linebacker Paul Nurnhoff, they gang-tackle and pursue in the Southeastern manner, which is to say, few teams in the country defend better. Their main task on New Year's Eve—containing Little while watching for Csonka's belts up the middle and the possibility of a pass off a fake kick (score)—is made easier by the fact that Syracuse does not have a passing attack of its own. Quarterback Rick Cassata, who took over halfway through the season, has completed only 41 passes for 472 yards, and not one was thrown in the face of the kind of rush he will see from the Volunteers. Down all season, eastern football should take another hiding. **END**

# A GARDEN BUILT FOR TOMORROW

The vibrant, multicolored plastic what-is-it opposite is a see-through model of the newest incarnation of that phoenix of sport—Madison Square Garden. The luminescent colors, keyed to the numbered areas, only suggest the wonders it contains. This fourth Garden is now rising not from its own ashes but from those of New York's old Pennsylvania Station.

Half of a real-estate complex (the other half is a 29-story office building) to be known as Madison Square Garden Center, Inc. or, more simply, Two and Four Pennsylvania Plaza, the Garden is scheduled to open in the fall of 1967. The building itself, designed by Charles Luckman Associates, will be an immense drum 425 feet in diameter and 153 feet high. While in size it will not rival Houston's Astro dome (diameter 642 feet, height 208 feet), the Garden will provide an extraordinary number of facilities. The building will incorporate new

solutions to problems that range from indoor smog to the fact that ladies' heels often become clenched in the teeth of escalators. A palace of a sports place, it will have more in common with Madison Square Garden No. 2 than with Gardens 1 and 3.

The first Madison Square Garden, built in 1874, began as a carbarn for the New York and Harlem Railroad. The third is the one still in use, the dingy box on New York's Eighth Avenue—the one the architects forgot to provide with ticket windows and the one that has outgrown the requirements of present-day sports to a point where horses have had to be massaged by hand because there was no room for them to warm up, and where the athletes' dressing rooms lack only leg-irons to complete their resemblance to medieval dungeons.

Madison Square Garden No. 2, on the other hand, designed by Stanford White in 1889, was a gracious airy building with colonnades, a Spanish tower, a luxurious restaurant, a ballroom, a concert hall, theater and roof garden. None of this elegance noticeably inhibited the activities of Heavyweight Champion John L. Sullivan, Strangler Lewis or any of the hosts of six-day bicycle racers who performed there or, for that matter, of Harry K. Thaw, who shot Architect White to death in the roof garden in 1906.

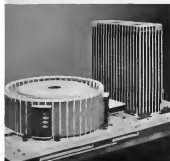
The new Garden will be handsome in a fashion that could scarcely be less like White's, but it will accommodate a wide variety of activities with equal grace. Fully air-conditioned, it will contain restaurants and clubs, a cinema, an art museum and library of sports, a permanent sports hall of fame and 48 bowling lanes. In this day of conventions and boat and automobile shows, there will be a prodigious lot of exhibition space,

Finally, the new Garden will have not just one but two arenas, and not a single one of the 5,227 seats in the smaller Forum or the 20,234 seats of the Main Arena will be blocked by a post. The Main Arena, represented by the amber tiers in the model (7) is a complete circle—it has been cut away here for visual purposes. The lights are not going to blaze into spectators' eyes, since the roof will support a special lighting system.

Getting into and out of the new Garden should be a breeze in the strangle of midtown New York. The principal facilities will be distributed over three main levels (split-leveled into 13 in all), accessible from four escalator towers, a tower for each quadrant of the building (12 on the model). A trucking ramp (11) to the arena floor will support the weight of any truck permitted on the U.S. highways, and thus everything from exposition materials to the circus tigers can be unloaded virtually on the spot.

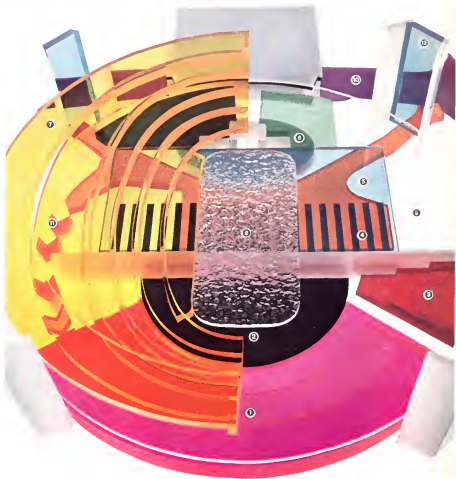
A special four-lane private roadway (10) between the Garden and Two Pennsylvania Plaza will handle 2,000 cars an hour, and there will be some 6,000 off-street parking spaces within a few blocks (as opposed to none at the present Garden). Public transportation to the Center could not be better—the Garden is built literally atop two railroads and two subway lines and is within easy walking distance of two more subway lines and New York's principal bus terminal.

Offering so much, easy to get to, to get around in and to get out of, Four Pennsylvania Plaza thus promises to be a beauty. Beauty and convenience are not enough to make a famous arena, though. The new Madison Square Garden is going to have to be warmed by some historic sporting moments before anyone can rest assured that it is a worthy successor to the title.



The Garden complex, shown in this model, rests on 8.5 acres of concrete that serve as the roof of the remodeled and subterranean Pennsylvania Station.

Color model by Astor Telejapan. Photograph by Richard Jeffery.



#### STREET LEVEL

- 1 Forum (5,227 seats)
- 2 Forum Stage
- 3 Cinema (901 seats)

#### INTERMEDIATE LEVEL

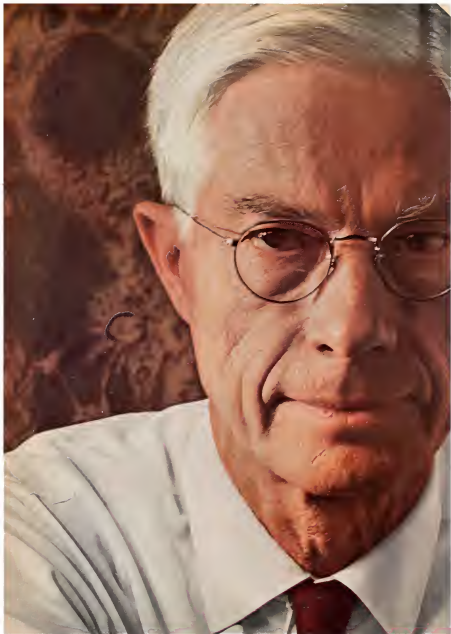
- 4 Bowling (48 lanes)
- 5 Sport Museum and Hall of Fame
- 6 Lobby (26 ticket windows)

#### ARENA LEVEL


- 7 Main Arena (20,334 seats)
- 8 Arena Floor
- 9 Exposition Rotunda

#### TRAFFIC

- 10 Taxis and Cars
- 11 Truck Ramp
- 12 Moving Stairs







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**Pontiac OHC Sprint/Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak**

His wife and fans had deserted him, Yéyé Singer **Johnny Hallyday**, the French Elvis Presley, sold a reporter last September. "My life is finished." Whereupon he downed a bottle of eau de cologne, dosed himself with barbiturates and slashed his wrists. Johnny was rushed to a hospital where he apparently recovered, for he is now planning a new career as a Mustang GT driver for the Ford team at this month's Monte Carlo Rally. Hallyday has been training for the race on a track near Paris and will spend next week in the Alps practicing on snow and ice. He says of auto racing, "It's good for the spirit and soul. It involves every human faculty. It has cured me of my depression and my run of bad luck. I owe it a lot."

Somewhat resembling an exercise boy, with high boots, faded blue jeans and a pale-pink protective helmet, Philadelphia Phillie All-Star **Rich Allen** (below) takes his quarter horse for a workout daily in Fairmount Park. "I wish I could weigh 115 pounds for a couple of hours in the afternoon and then go back to my own size at 5 o'clock," says Allen. "That way I could be a jockey and still play baseball." At present the third baseman owns three horses, and he may expand his string. "They're not so expensive to keep," he says. "They're just like people."



They eat three times a day. Besides, I figure on being a little higher-priced next season."

Don't knock a dog's life—at least not Derrycane King Fisher of Derravara's The 6-month-old Irish Setter was bought recently by **King Baudouin**, who sent his twin-engined Aero Commander from Brussels to Dublin to pick up the puppy. King Fisher was driven from his kennel in County Westmeath to the airport in the back seat of the Belgian ambassador's Rolls-Royce. Said the ambassador, who acted as royal purchasing agent, "I cannot say what the dog cost, but we got a good bargain." It looks like the dog has a pretty good deal, too.

It was eerie enough, Floridians felt, when TV's **Ed Sullivan** introduced Syracuse Halfback **Floyd Little** as Florida Quarterback **Steve Spurrier** during the celebrations surrounding the naming of the American Football Coaches All-American Team. It got positively ludicrous when Sullivan, attempting to make amends, summoned Spurrier on camera and introduced him as Steve Spurrier of *The University of Miami*. Then, a few days later, when people were about to forget the whole thing, a long-distance telephone call from Sullivan's office came to Florida State at Tallahassee, asking for Ray Graves Graves, of course, coaches at the University of Florida at Gainesville—where Spurrier happens to attend school.

Soviet Writer **Sergei Vasilyev**, who visited the U.S. last year and was taken to a Chicago Bears football game, has set down his impressions. "The game," he says, "is one of bloody battle. Everything is allowed—to strike one's foot into the groin, to clutch at the throat of the opponent, to twist his arms back, to knock one's head into his stomach, to cripple, crush down, crawl on one's hand and knees, and heap the whole group onto one player. Players sniff, growl

and howl. Ribs are cracking. Sweat and blood are shed. Tens of thousands of fans roar with pleasure. Through my mind raced visions of bulls killed by matadors, and gladiators fallen under the stroke of a sword and wolves during the roundup." Vasilyev, it turns out, is a poet, but hardly one with the same tastes as soccer-playing Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose verdict on American football was: "too dull."

The other day the Los Angeles City Council presented a large, hand-lettered scroll engraved with the city's seal to Dodger Catcher **John Roseboro**. The award was made for Roseboro's efforts after the riots in Watts to improve relations between the community and law enforcement. "Last year I was explaining the police role to the community," says Roseboro. "This year it looks as though I'll have to explain Mr. O'Malley's moves to the citizens."

Onetime Boston Celtic Star **Ed Macauley**, now sports director of a St. Louis TV station, returned from a two-week mission to Uruguay on behalf of the Peace Corps to announce that one thing the country needed badly was the very thing Easy Ed knew best. "Our Peace Corps people," he says, "were frustrated when they arrived in Uruguay because they were all set

to wade into the muck and slime to help the destitute but found little more poverty than in the U.S. What local leaders requested was help in improving the quality of their athletics." So Macauley taught local coaches and Peace Corpsmen some of the finer aspects of basketball. "Uruguayan boys have good reflexes," he says, "in part because they have been dribbling and passing soccer balls for years."

With only a miniskirt to make her passes with, Actress **Raquel Welch** is portrayed in the movie *Fathom* as having a moment of truth (below) in a bull ring in Mijas, Spain. But the true truth is that Raquel, cast as a spy, skirted the dirty work in the ring and left it to a 25-year-old matador, El Terremoto (The Earthquake). When word got out that The Earthquake had donned a wig and doubled for Raquel, the matador bellowed that the movie company had "gone back on its word. I promised if I went through with the scene, nobody would ever know I was involved. Just imagine what this will do to me professionally. Me, The Earthquake, in a miniskirt!" A student of El Cordeobes, whose bravura he imitates, El Terremoto declares the job was "so dangerous nobody else would do it. I didn't have a cape or a muleta. I just had to fight the bull a *cuerpo limpio* [with a clean body]." Seems apt.



## Elvin, Melvin and The Duck

The Houston team is big enough to scare opponents silly, and it puts on the sport's wildest show

Imagine an oil derrick stuck in the Astrodome, give it movement and sneakers, let it jump center—put a little fun into the game. Or go down the road to get the same effect: watch Elvin (The Big E) Hayes play basketball for the University of Houston. Presumably a human derrick could best Hayes in a matchup, but there are few other mortals who can.

It is generally agreed that Lew Alcindor's talent is matched (or approached) by only three men in college today. One is Mel Daniels of New Mexico, who once challenged a glass door with his arm and lost (SI, Dec. 5). Another is Westley Unseld of Louisville. And the third is The Big E, Elvin Hayes. At Houston there is no question as to who is the best, the conversation including Alcindor. The best is The Big E.

"Big E" is a direct steal of "Big O," the name given to Oscar Robertson when he, too, was just a growing child. But Big E is 6 feet 8, 240 pounds. Make that Huge E. Put the nicknames together, in fact—E-O—say them quickly a few times, and it sounds like a jackass, which, also, is the way the Houston team usually plays defense.

"I have 14, 15 combination zone-press defenses," says Coach Guy V. Lewis, who seldom wears the same sharkskin, glow-in-the-dark suit twice and is reputed to be a millionaire. "It's our offense

that worries me. We don't shoot very well." On paper Coach Guy V.'s team looks impenetrable. And on the court the Cougars—10 of whom are 6 feet 5 plus—are awesome enough to provoke night screaming. But their combination defenses are wild, risky affairs that do not produce the traps they are designed for, and could not stop Mary Poppins from bombing away all night from the corners. Coach Guy V. is right about the offense, however; Houston does not shoot very well.

Despite all this, the team has gone to the NCAA tournament the past two years. Last season the Cougars were favored in the Far West regional, but lost to Oregon State 63-60 while missing more shots than the winners even attempted. This is one of many quaint statistics concerning the team and the school that has earned a place in Ripley's. But Houston is a university where golf is a curriculum and a man once went 18 holes in 55, where a basketball team can total 100 shots and 50 rebounds and still lose 86-75—which Houston did ear-

ly this year at Michigan. That is the Cougars' only loss in 10 games and should, but won't, be the only one they will lose. The Huge E and a forecourt on the high side of 700 pounds notwithstanding.

Houston attained basketball respectability while in the Missouri Valley Conference, but only since Hayes arrived last season out of Rayville, La. have the Cougars started to scare people and draw large crowds. An independent now, the school is not ready for prosperity. Lewis is forced to hold practices in Jeppesen Gym and play his home games in Delmar Field House. Both are owned by high schools, and Delmar is 13 miles across town from the Houston campus. Since the Jeppesen court ends where a wall begins, and the gym has only two baskets, and the high school authorities kick the team out after two hours anyway, Guy V.'s boys do not get much shooting practice.

The situation should change when a new field house is completed; it will seat 12,000 and be the same color as the



THE BIG E. Elvin Hayes, takes a rebound, while Leary (The Tree) Lenta. Melvin (The Savage) Bell and Don (The Duck) Chaney keep opposing players away from the basket.

dorms and most of the other buildings on the campus: hard-sauce yellow. The Huge E, Melvin (The Savage) Bell, Leary (The Tree) Lertz and Guy V. deserve the crowds they will attract, for theirs is one of basketball's most entertaining shows.

Elvin averaged 27 points and 17 rebounds as a sophomore and is playing above those figures this year. Texas A&M, Baylor, TCU and Tulsa were afraid of this. They all had their look at The Huge E last season and backed off the Houston schedule. Showing up this year are cupcakes like Albuquerque, West Texas State, Hawaii and Nevada Southern. "I had to get someone fast," says Guy V. Next year the Cougars again will mix it up with some good ones—UCLA, Illinois, Loyola of Chicago, Marquette and VPI.

Bill Scott, who came to school to play for the golf team, shot par, was cut and is now a statistician, says good teams should schedule Houston. "This is such a fun team. Anything can happen when we play," he says. The goal tend and the technical foul, two of the unsung plays of the college game, are SOP at Houston. Hayes averaged about four goal tends a game last season and was called for the violation six times in the recent Michigan game. Against Idaho State, Melvin The Savage, who is 6 feet 7 and 340 pounds, went high to smash home a one-handed stuff, but missed and was fouled. His first free throw hit somewhere in the vicinity of the top of the backboard, and his second missed the backboard, rim, net, everything. "The Savage is shook up," said one observer. "See?" said Bill Scott. "Anything can happen."

Why does The Huge E goal tend? Why does man climb mountains? The ball is there. Lewis, in fact, is the prime reason. He actually teaches Hayes to pin or hit out any ball he can reach up on the board. "I know I'm the only man in the country who thinks this way," says Guy V. "But if the referees called them the way they should we'd get more breaks. We still get our percentages anyway, because if E is batting away everything that goes up there, the shooters are going to think twice the next time."

Elvin agrees. "Most of the goal tends are bad calls, really," he says. "Why, against St. Mary's I blocked the first six shots in a row, then the refs started on that whistle. I think I had seven goal

tends in that one. My high was last year against Wisconsin."

How many?

"Twelve."

That's 24 points for Wisconsin.

"We won by 25."

Though he loafs much of the time, The Huge E's potential as a pro is obvious. His self-confidence is enthralling. Howie Loreh, who is, himself, an interesting example of what college athletic programs have come to be was recruited out of Linton H.S. in Schenectady, N.Y. to manage the team) says Elvin thinks he can beat anybody. When he first entered school Hayes was shown the freshman record book and started thumbing through it. "I got this one, this one, this one," he announced. Finally he threw the book across the desk. "Hell, I got all these. Forget this book."

"Chamberlain, Russell—I think I'm as good as any of them," says The Huge E. "And I'll always think so until they come down here, put on some shoes and show they can whup me good."

Loreh, a short fat kid who, on a team of nicknames, is, of course, called Lurch, has to be the only man ever to manage two All-Americans in high school—Barry Kramer of NYU and Pat Riley of Kentucky—and then room with a third at college, The Huge E.

Hayes's best friend is Don (The Duck) Chaney, the team's 6-foot-5 guard, with whom he spends the time not taken up by basketball, eating and his girl, Verna Livingston. "We're quite the television watchers," says The Duck. "Cartoons. E's up at 7 every Saturday morning watching cartoons—*Underdog*, *Space Ghost*, *Road Runner*."

What does Underdog do?

"Fight crime. He's also a pote."

A what?

"A pote. Everything he says, you know, it rhymes. 'Never fear, Underdog is here.'"

What does Space Ghost do?

"Fight crime in space."

Then Road Runner must—

"No, he gets chased by Coyote," says

The Duck. "Coyote never gets him either. Road Runner fast."

Life is not all fun and games with the strong and tough Cougars. Their practices are, in a word, murderous—no place for faint hearts. Stories about the workouts are rapidly passing into exaggerated legends, but it is true that last year Hayes beat bloody one teammate

who first badgered him and then made the mistake of challenging The Big E. Another player, Bob Hayward, a 6-foot-6, 225-pound veteran of four years in the Navy, is said to have put Elvin up against the wall in practice one day, threatening to punch him out. "That was no fight," says Howie Loreh with disgust. "We have those kind several times a week. I don't consider it a fight until a man is cut, or until I see blood. And I've seen plenty of that around here. Coach doesn't mind it. 'Wipe it off. Let's go,' he says. Now last year on the freshman team The Savage and Ken Spain went at it. I heard those punches—slap, slap, slap—from the other end of the court. What a great one that was!"

"They hit each other as hard as they could," says Hayward, "and neither one was hurt. Sometimes I don't think they're human."

Two weeks ago against San Francisco, a team now on hard times, Houston demonstrated a definitely human characteristic—laziness. The exceptionally small Dons constantly outfoiled the Cougars on the backboards, outrebounded them 56-43 and, had they been able to shoot at all, would have reversed the 90-74 loss. Hayes, Bell and the others intimidate such a short team, forcing it to back off from close-in shots. But the Cougars play their terror game only as hard as they have to, and what will happen when they run into a team their own size?

Houston backers seem unconcerned, claiming, perhaps justifiably, that there is no such team. What surely must be true is that no team ever will match the Cougars sartorially. A stickler for dress, Lewis gets his sharkskins from Harold's Men's Shop and, from the same place, has outfitted his men in loud red blazers, black slacks and red paisley ties with black stickpins. Next year, though the team's physique will remain, its outfits will change. The Cougars will have on the varsity the brother of The Savage, 6-foot-8, 220-pound Carlos Bell, from junior college and 6-foot-10, 260-pound freshman Mars (The Planet) Evans. For that team Lewis has ordered material from London for red-and-white, houndstooth-check team jackets.

"Can you just see that?" says Navyman Hayward. "Elvin, Melvin and The Duck in Guy V.'s red-and-white houndstooth? Whoa!"

END

## The poison ivy in the Ivy League

His methods and their manners may be anathema to the button-down-collar crowd, but Cornell's Ned Harkness and the players he lures from Canada's backwoods have made Ithaca a capital of college hockey

**B**ack in 1963 a superior hockey team was the principal if not the only athletic claim to fame of obscure Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y. Having helped RPI achieve that fame, Coach Ned Harkness announced that he was leaving to go to Cornell, a power in hockey roughly equivalent to zero. "Why?" someone asked Harkness. "Because," the departing coach answered, "Ithaca is exactly 90 miles closer to the Canadian border than Troy."

That remark proved that Ned Harkness is a hockey realist, and a hockey realist knows that—regardless of all the

patriotic and theoretical arguments pro-pounded by hockey's America Firsters—the stuff of which good teams are made can be found only in the hinterlands of Canada, in bus-stop towns with names like Birsay, Sask., Port Credit, Ont. and Kentville, N.S.

By culling the yearlings of towns such as these during the four years since he left Troy, Harkness has established the college above Cayuga's waters as the major hockey power of the East—a situation that fails to please most of the other eastern coaches. But then Ned Harkness—himself a Canadian of Irish descent and

temperament—seldom goes out of his way to please.

Rival coaches, particularly those he beats, call Harkness tricky, sneaky and a lot of things less printable. One of his Cornell players says he is a doubletalker. The sports editor of the *Cornell Daily Sun* calls Ned the most outspoken coach he has ever met. A referee calls him a "past master of delaying tactics." And some athletic authorities at Harvard, Yale and the other Ivy League schools discuss his recruiting methods with snide allusions to the quality of education at Cornell's agriculture college and



IN CHARACTERISTIC DISHABILLE, COACH HARKNESS POINTS THE WAY TO HIS TWIN FORWARD, THE FERGUSONS

the questionable taste of inserting paid advertisements in the Canadian press about the benefits to be derived from an Ivy League atmosphere.

Harkness justifies the charge that many of Cornell's Canadian hockey players do attend the College of Agriculture with the incontrovertible fact that many of them are farmers by birth and breeding. It would be pretty silly, he says, for the Ferguson twins, Dave and Doug, who were raised on a wheat farm in Saskatchewan and intend to return to some type of agricultural life when they graduate, to major in, say, physics or the classics.

As for that so-called "paid advertisement" urging young Canadians to go Ivy, it was actually a story by Gordon Campbell that appeared in the *Toronto Daily Star* a year before Harkness left RPI. In the article the author quoted Harkness (who was in town) on the financial value of an engineering degree at Rensselaer and added, "Interested students with the required qualifications can contact Harkness by phoning 481-9544 this week only."

Usually Ned Harkness will not take the trouble to refute charges against him. His interest lies entirely in winning hockey games, and this he does with regularity. He won for 13 years at RPI with a pathetically understaffed squad, and he is winning now at Cornell with a rinkful of talent. The joke at Ithaca these days is that the second best hockey team in the East is Cornell's freshmen.

If winning means employing strategy not strictly from the rule book, Harkness tries the strategy. Once, when an undermanned RPI team was losing to St. Lawrence, a friendly critic recalls, "the RPI players were really tired at the end of the second period." Their allotted rest period was supposed to be 10 minutes, but somehow the time stretched out. "The RPI people played both alma maters," the friend went on, "gave away trophies to trackmen, football players and baseball players and then made a few speeches, and during all that time the RPI hockey players were getting extra rest."

Con Elliott, who broadcasts the hockey games for Clarkson College, remembers the night RPI was losing to Clarkson at Troy and suddenly, in the third period, the rink lights went out. "The announcer said over the loudspeakersystem that there had been a power failure

in the building and that it would take 20 minutes to repair," says Elliott. "Well, now, if there was a power failure, why did the P.A. system continue to work, and why did my electrical equipment still function? Who knows? They said there was a power failure, so it was a power failure, and for the longest time in the dark they played the national anthem forward, backward and sideways."

Harkness' boys at RPI tended to be slower than a lot of other teams, and it seemed that whenever a really fast-skating team came up to Troy the arena would get terribly warm, so warm that the ice often became soft and slushy. At RPI they said it was probably only coincidence or a faulty thermostat, but the soft ice did serve wonderfully well to slow fast skaters down to RPI speed. (There were a few smiles visible at rinkside this year when Cornell's fast-skating outfit played its second game of the season against RPI at Troy and Visiting Coach Harkness complained about the excessive heat.)

If, as a coach, Harkness tends to nuzzle the opposition, he gets along better with his own players than perhaps any other coach. There is genuine rapport between them. Harkness prefers that the boys call him Ned—not Coach or Mr. Harkness—because "I think it makes them feel a little closer to me." Frequently on nights before a varsity game he will take his team down to the Cornell boathouse, away from the life of the campus, and there they relax together over cards or billiards.

"Sure, he's a doubletalker," says Defenseman Harry Orr, one of the best, "but he doesn't mean any harm by it. He'll come up to me before a game and say, 'Harry, we won't win this one without you,' and I'll get all fired up. Then he'll stop and say the same thing to the guy sitting next to me. Sure, I know, it makes you wonder if he means it. But at the same time you always feel you're the one that's indispensable."

On a bus trip to Potsdam, N.Y. for a game with Clarkson a few weeks ago, Harkness pointedly told everyone how Paul Althous, another defenseman, scored 17 straight points and whipped him in a Ping-Pong game. "Hey, Paul," Ned asked, "why don't you teach me that backhand of yours?"

"First of all," grunted Althous, "you've got to learn how to hold the

paddle." Harkness laughed longer than anybody.

It's possible that Harkness may never learn how to hold a Ping-Pong paddle (after all, it's better for Cornell hockey morale if he doesn't), but few can match him at the ploys of recruiting. "He shows you with stories about the school and everything," says Dave Quarrie, a senior goaltender, "and when he gets talking to your parents it's all over. I mean, he gets your folks so they like him right off, and soon they're the ones who are selling you on the merits of Cornell."

Another Cornell goalie is Ken Dryden, a sophomore, whose brother, Dave, substituted for Glenn Hall in the Chicago Black Hawks' goal last season. "Ken," says his father, Murray Dryden, "thought he was going to Princeton, but Ned talked him out of it. He sold the school to all of us, and he kept saying that he was heading for a national championship. Ken never did get to Princeton."

The striped tie and the button-down shirt of the Ivy League have produced some notable changes in the Harkness exterior, and Ivy success has done something of the same to his psyche. He always has been recognized as a fine teaching coach, a persuasive recruiter and a man with a tremendous ability to incite his players to a greater effort. Now, because of the vast numbers of talented players who come to Cornell on their own to play for him, Harkness can even be pleasant to opposing coaches. But, says one often-bested rival, "It's hard to like Ned, because you remember all those things he pulled down at Troy."

The one thing no rival will forgive Harkness is his ability to latch on to better players, and the peg they hang the charge on is patriotism. By going to Canada for his talent, say his competitors, Harkness downgrades American youth. But the charge is unfair. Hockey players grow in Canada, and almost every U.S. team depends on them. Of all U.S. collegiate coaches, only Snooks Kelley of Roman Catholic Boston College seems able to get by with home-grown talent, and Ned Harkness has the answer to that. "Snooks has the best recruiting system in the country," he says. "Every priest in Boston went to BC, and every parochial-school hockey coach in Boston went to BC. So guess where they send all their good players? To BC, naturally. When Snooks gets finished, there

continued



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#### HOCKEY *continued*

aren't many good players left. Even the other coaches down in Boston, which is the hotbed of hockey in the States, have to go up to Canada for their players. What am I supposed to do?"

So Ned goes up to Canada, recruits his players, brings them down to Cornell, wins games with them and the people come to watch. This season, when reserved tickets for Cornell's 4,200-seat rink went on sale, anyone not in line by 6:25 a.m. was just out of luck.

The coach himself is a sight worth seeing. He has generally had only a poached egg all day because of his stomach troubles, and he looks very un-lively as he stands at rinkside wearing a blue baseball cap tugged down over his ears and a gray coat with CORNELL on the back and HOCKEY STAFF imprinted on the left breast. "What about that?" he yells, pointing out a fancied infraction of the rules to Referee Bob Dupas as he swings open the gate to direct a line change while play continues. A second later he shuffles nervously behind the bench, almost knocking over one of the Cornell managers, who is carrying two dozen cups of water. Harkness grabs a cup, guzzles once and sprinkles the rest on the floor next to the boards. He guzzles again, and sprays the ice. A Cornell rush proves fruitless, and he squashes the cup and throws it to one side, simultaneously muttering a few profanities. It's time for another line change, and Ned calls the three forwards together for a brief conference. He must have said something right, for Cornell scores almost immediately and eventually wins by five goals.

Back in the dressing room, with the game safely won, Harkness takes off the gray coat and wraps the baseball bat in cellophane for another night. He has worn that same bat since coming to Cornell in 1963, and before that he wore another like it for 13 years at RPI.

He even wears that blue hat at Cornell's lacrosse matches. Lacrosse? A year ago they asked Ned if he would mind coaching the lacrosse team. He agreed, naturally, and with a team of scrubs and misfits not expected to break even he went undefeated and won the Ivy League championship.

And so, at the banquet for Cornell's lacrosse champions, Ned Harkness answered his critics. "I did a great job of recruiting in Canada for all you lacrosse players, didn't I?" he said.

**END**

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*When the ball lies well below your feet, you should address the shot with a wide stance.*

## *Bend your back when digging out of a ditch*

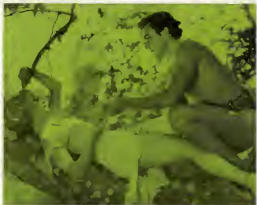
Swinging at a golf ball that is well below the level of your stance, say in a gully or a ditch, should be a backbreaking business. The usual tendency is to get the club head down to the level of the ball by bending the knees, but this is wrong. What you should do is take a stance that is slightly wider than normal—which already lowers you a little—then keep your knees straight and bend your back until the club head can address the ball. Your knees should not bend *but*, on the other hand, they should not be rigidly stiff. Take the club straight back when you start the backswing and concentrate on bringing it straight down through the ball. Naturally, there will be certain restrictions throughout the swing, so you should hit a seven-iron, for example, when you want to get nine-iron distance. Do not worry about having to take a half or three-quarter swing at the ball. This is actually a help, for it reduces the normal tendency of this shot to hook or slice, depending on the lie.

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*With the knees flexed but not bent, you choke down on the club and lean well over the ball.*

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN





# A Long Reign as King of the Apes

BY THOMAS F. MOORE

*Almost 50 years ago Elmo Lincoln jumped into a leopard skin to become the first movie Tarzan. Since then 14 others have played the role, many of them Olympic athletes, and while there have been changes—today's TV Tarzan has a Madison Avenue glibness—the basic ingredients are the same as ever: bare chest, a jungle yell, crocodile-infested waters and bad guys*

CONTINUED

"Who are you?"

"My name is Tarzan."

"Oh yes, I've heard of you."

So have millions of other people around the world. They know Tarzan from two dozen adventure stories, a syndicated comic strip, 48 years of motion pictures and, most recently, a weekly television series. In many ways, the TV Tarzan is the same old ape-man. He is big and strong, wears a loincloth and swings through the jungle on vines. At the start of every program he stands at the edge of a waterfall, cups a hand to his mouth and gives forth a cry that summons every animal like a call to dinner.

But there are differences, too. No Jane, for instance. The TV Tarzan is a bachelor. He is also a talker—Madison Avenue-wise. To cite from a recent episode: Tarzan is helping a friend capture a golden puma. After they shoot it with a tranquilizer, Tarzan notices a piece of bloody cloth in the puma's jaws. The hunter friend wonders if the puma could have done in two bad guys known to be loose in the jungle.

"No," responds Tarzan. "They're too smart to lose a decision to a puma."

Later a young lady who is fleeing the jungle and her teaching duties asks Tarzan if there will be room aboard a boat for her suitcase.

Says the ape-man: "There'll be room for everything—except your self-pity."

And there is a bit of camp, too. A cornered bad guy addresses Tarzan and says: "Anything you want, oh topless one." For those who grew up on the Tarzan books of Edgar Rice Burroughs, or paid a quarter to watch Johnny Weissmuller, the most famous movie Tarzan of them all, swim across crocodile-infested rivers, it is a little bit tough, if not sickening, to watch.

The literary Tarzan stepped forth, catlike, from the brain of Edgar Rice Burroughs in 1912. Until then Burroughs had lived the life of a classic loser. Born into a well-to-do Chicago family, he had tried a number of professions without success. He had been in the U.S. Cavalry, mined gold in Oregon, been a storekeeper and cowboy in Idaho and a policeman in Salt Lake City. By 1912, he was 37 and desperate. He had developed insomnia and had begun to tell himself stories at night. By day he put the stories on paper. His fantasy lands were Mars and Africa, both of which he was equally familiar with. (Indeed, in his first Tarzan story, which was published in a magazine in 1912, he placed a tiger in Africa, an ecological gaffe. When the story was published in book form two years later the tiger had become a lioness.) His only research for his first Tarzan story was Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*. Burroughs sold his Martian story

first—a limited success—and then *Tarzan of the Apes*, which eventually made him a multimillionaire.

In the first story Tarzan's titled English parents died along the African coast, leaving their infant son to be reared by Kala, a she-ape and a sort of female Dr. Spock. Tarzan grew up with animals as his only companions, unaware that he was John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. He found a primer left by his late parents—and taught himself English (look-see method) so well that he passed for the English lord he really was. Ultimately Tarzan was able to converse in several languages. Burroughs' Tarzan was no dropout. He was intelligent and articulate.

"Tarzan was a good, clean-living gentleman," says the Reverend Henry Heins, a pastor of a Lutheran church in Albany, N.Y. and a Tarzan authority. "He wasn't the illiterate boob the movies made him out to be."

Ah, the movies. Four years after the first Tarzan book was published, during which time Burroughs had written four more adventures, the movies got around to the material. The movies emphasized muscles rather than literacy. For publicity, the producers wanted someone with a notable athletic record. They tested columns of aspirants and finally selected Elmo Lincoln for the part. (Actually, Lincoln was second choice. The first pick fell out of a tree and sprained his ankle.) Lincoln had built himself a rugged physique through boxing and playing football and baseball. He had had small parts in a number of films, *Blink of a Nation* among them, but Tarzan made him famous.

The movie *Tarzan of the Apes* followed the plot of the book. It was shot in Louisiana, the closest the Hollywood people could come to a jungle. Trickery was rampant. The apes were athletes recruited from the New Orleans YMCA and gotten up in animal skins. Gordon Griffith, who played Tarzan as a boy in the picture, still remembers being clasped to the brawny bosom of a gymnast in an ape pelt. The lions in the film were real but their teeth weren't, and they were given a shot of dope to keep them reasonably amiable. With all these precautions, however, the chesty Lincoln still braved hardships, perhaps more than any of his 14 successors. He did all the tree-swinging himself—no doubles.

In one of Burroughs' early stories he introduced Jane (Porter). She was engaged when she met Tarzan, but she elected to remain in the jungle as Tarzan's mate. (This later led to a scandal, and in one straitlaced California town a temporary banning of the book.) The first movie Jane was Enid Markey, who later had a distinguished career in the theater and more recently in television.

The first Tarzan picture was a sensation, making more than \$1 million. Even the critical reception was good, one appraiser calling it "the greatest novelty of the fiscal year." Of Lincoln, the critic said: "Swinging through the trees, he completes the illusion that Tarzan never wore shoes,

B.V.D.s or starched laundry." One can believe this, for Gordon Griffith, still in films as a production executive, recalls: "He [Lincoln] was so hairy they had to shave him twice a day so the audience could tell him from the apes."

Tarzan became the most popular film hero of all time. Estimates vary, but it is safe to say that more than a billion people have seen at least one of the 39 Tarzan epics. So great was the first film's success that other producers sought the rights from Burroughs, and two new Tarzans appeared concurrently with Lincoln. Perhaps because they were not natural athletes, something was missing. The career of Gene Polar, a New York fireman, was quickly extinguished with one film. P. Dempsey Tablet, a singer, might have done something with the Tarzan yell, but unfortunately he was performing in the silent era. He, too, was a one-picture Tarzan.

Lincoln made two more Tarzan films and was pretty much king of the jungle before he hung up his leopard skin. Once a lion with real teeth soaked onto the set and, shaking off the effects of a drug, came at Lincoln for real. The ape-man pulled his jungle knife and killed the beast. A year earlier, taking his role to heart, Lincoln challenged Jack Dempsey, then heavyweight champion, to fight him. Dempsey, perhaps with visions of an opponent swinging from rope to rafters, did not accept.

Lincoln drifted out of the role, and producers, who came and went with the frequency of the Tarzans, looked for another ape-man. The fourth Tarzan was a football center from Indiana University named James Pierce. He knew little about the movie business or the daredevil requirements of his part. He says today: "I was new to the game, and the eagerness of the director to shoot as many scenes per day as possible made me a patsy. For instance, I was exposed to sure death when crossing a 100-foot-deep canyon hand over hand on a rope." During the stunt, Pierce had time to reevaluate his career. He went into the real-estate business and married Burroughs' daughter, Joan.

During the transition from silent to sound films, Frank Merrill had the role. He was a circus strong man who once won the title of the "world's most perfect man" in a competition that was a forerunner of the present stunts on Muscle Beach. Faced with the problem of having Merrill talk in the sound film, *Tarzan the Tiger*, a serial, the producers decided on a lovely gimmick: amnesia. If he couldn't remember who he was, he wouldn't have to talk much. And so, in Chapter 3, Merrill was hit on the head. The shock also interfered with his ability to distinguish the good guys from the bad guys, and the carnage engineered by the ape-man was terrible. Merrill might well have been the only character left so the film but, fortunately, in Chapter 13—with two to go—another whack on the head brought back his reason. In the remaining two chapters he spent most of

the time figuring out what the audience already knew, and communication was not vital to the plot.

Up to now almost every Tarzan scenario was the same, what in Hollywood—or anywhere else, for that matter—is called a formula. The rules of dramaturgy or great themes of Western civilization had very little to do here, although the verities were polished up and trotted out. Tarzan was pure—he did not drink, smoke or run around with other women. The camera usually picked up Jane and Tarzan puttering around in their house up in the trees. To cut through all this dense purity, Cheetah the chimpanzee would do her funny bit: chattering, grinning, turning lips inside out and all that. Then along came a white safari. Trouble! The *farmangoni* (white men, in ape language) were cruel, greedy, always hotly lusting after ivory, gold or the jewels some god of the past had mislaid. The whites would lead the natives astray and shoot some friendly animals out of season. They might even abduct Jane if anything were to be gained. Tarzan would tolerate the mischief for a while, knowing the weaknesses of the civilized, but eventually the noble savage—helped by the apes and elephants—would strike back.

With the perfection of sound in the early '30s, real dialogue was imperative and plots had to make more sense, even though the front office shuddered. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set out to avoid the production chaos of the previous Tarzan films. The studio announced that Johnny Weissmuller, an Olympic swimming champion in 1924 and 1928 and holder at one time or another of every record from 50 to 880 yards, would be their Tarzan.

As a boy in Chicago, Weissmuller had been an unlikely-looking prospect for the role. A skinny youngster, he failed to get strong or fat on his Vienna-born mother's schnitzel or the beer of his brewmaster father. A doctor prescribed swimming to build up the youth, and he became so expert that he caught the eye of William Bachrach, coach of the Olympic team.

Bachrach put Johnny through a training program that made the rigors of Tarzan look like ring-around-a-rosy. The coach felt that Johnny would achieve perfection if he could emulate the kick of Duke Kahanamoku, the two-time Olympic 100-meter champion, and the arm stroke of Norman Ross, the 1920 400- and 1,500-meter Olympic champion. For one hour each day Johnny swam holding a board so that he could not use his hands, as he imitated Kahanamoku's kick; for another hour, he moved up and down the pool with his feet in a rubber inner tube, trying for the stroke of Ross. The strenuous regimen paid off; the composite Johnny went on to Olympic fame.

M-G-M was as much concerned with Johnny's voice as with his splendid body, the mike having become the ruling gadget in the film capital. After some deep thinking, the

continued

studio decided to give Tarzan the most bloodcurdling yell ever heard. Sound technicians labored long and came up with a mix that made history. To Johnny's natural yell they added the shriek of a hyena, the high C of a soprano, the barking of a dog and the scraping of a violin string. Johnny's cry, a sort of hiccupping yodel that rose and fell in terrifying majesty, could stop anything in Africa. In one movie a team of jolly gorillas was engaged in the postume of rolling huge rocks onto the members of a safan caught in a valley. Johnny's long, fearsome cry transfixed the apes right in the middle of a spare.

Weissmuller also got a reasonably steady Jane—Maureen O'Sullivan. (In many pictures the leading lady was not called Jane. Eleanor Holm, who also played the heroine, was called Eleanor. After a series of executives' conferences, another leading lady, Ula Holt, was dubbed Ula.)

M-G-M also hoped for better stories, although the consensus was that Weissmuller should speak only when coaxed. The best writing talent available came to Hollywood to work out ways in which Tarzan could outwit the jungle beasts and greedy whites. Among the available was Ivor Novello, England's triple-threat precursor of Noel Coward. For the British stage Novello had created and acted in any number of sophisticated musicals and drawing-

room comedies. In Hollywood he created Weissmuller's immortal moor: "Me Tarzan, you Jane."

The first Weissmuller film, *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, assumed that audiences knew about Tarzan's noble English background. The studio, naturally, ignored Africa and shot the film at Toluca Lake, north of Hollywood. Some critics carped about Tarzan's impossible feats of strength. All he did was fight a panther and two lions simultaneously, engage in a swimming race with some competitive crocodiles and ride on the back of a hippopotamus. Although the production used doubles in some scenes, *The New York Times* shrewdly remarked that only a professional athlete like Weissmuller, with his catlike walk and flowing hair, could have carried off the story. Johnny did all the swimming himself and insisted on trying many of the tricks of the doubles after they had been shot just to satisfy his own Tarzanhood.

*Tarzan, the Ape Man* was solid box office, and from 1932 to 1948 Weissmuller was the Tarzan—this while he and M-G-M were challenged by three Olympic athletes of three other movie companies. Weissmuller lived the part of Tarzan, complete with the mod haircut and the dearth of dialogue. And even as an Olivier or an Evans would, so Weissmuller once gave the philosophy of his approach to the character: "Tarzan is a big-muscled guy who is sharp about jungles."

In 1934 came *Tarzan and His Mate*, a movie some critics consider the best of all Tarzan films. This was followed by several rather routine Tarzan adventures, one of which was enriched by a dialogue—no kidding—between the Irish actor, Barry Fitzgerald, and a snarling lion. By now M-G-M had decided to try Tarzan in a new environment, and so *Tarzan's New York Adventure* evolved. A ruthless New York circus owner kidnapped Boy, played by a 9-year-old English child named John Sheffield. He swung like his daddy. Why not? He'd grown up on antelope milk. It makes strong swimmers. But that sort of pap didn't help the press-agency; it grew a bit dense and confusing after the studio passed out the news that Sheffield was in real life a four-pound incubator baby who had waxed strong on exercise.

The plot of *Adventure* sent Tarzan and Jane to Manhattan to rescue Boy, and Weissmuller dressed up in a double-breasted suit for the occasion, proving, it appears, that he could probably wear B.V.D.s. In the course of liberating Boy, Tarzan swung across the canyons of New York and, chased by the police, jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge with no sense of tradition whatever. Caught in a shower that shrank his suit, Tarzan spoke his best line: "Rain, rain, feel good." Eventually Tarzan and Jane rescued Boy and headed back for the sanity of the jungle.

Weissmuller moved to another studio that decided to create a topical Tarzan. This was World War II, and Nazis were everywhere. In two films he cleared Nazis out of his jungle. After the war Tarzan returned to his private battles



The most famous Tarzan was Johnny Weissmuller (posing here with his Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cheenu).

with hostile safaris, helped in one film by Linda Christian as a native girl and music by Dimitri Tiomkin.

By 1948, living in Hollywood had done for Weissmuller what his mother's cooking could not: it made him fat. Although essentially a nature boy, he had gone Hollywood, marrying four times. Weissmuller worked only 12 weeks a year, earning approximately \$50,000, and his muscle was turning to flab. He felt he had done everything possible with Tarzan and decided to quit.

The three other Tarzans who had cropped up during Weissmuller's reign all attracted the attention of producers through their efforts in the Olympics. The first of these was Clarence (Buster) Crabbe, also a swimmer, who competed in the 1928 and 1932 international games, winning the 400-meter freestyle in 1932. Crabbe appeared as the ape-man in a 1933 tragedy called *Tarzan the Fearless*. This film turned out to be a battle of sound tracks in which Crabbe's producer attempted to outscatelize the recently developed Weissmuller bellow. Audiences that sat through the bedlam were more fearless than Tarzan. That was Crabbe's only Tarzan film, although he will soon appear in a television commercial, leopard skin and all, plugging a skin cream, thus making him, at 58, the oldest ape-man.

The next pretender was Herman Brix, a shotputting champion. Brix acted in two Tarzan pictures, both of which were shot in Guatemala. The cameramen provided the big thrill in that one, knocking over an idol and thereby arousing the wrath of the natives. Critics did not complain when Brix fought 12 men at once in the movie but said that the lion he took on seemed to be eligible for a movie pension. Brix's heroine was Ula Holt, who at one point covered the villain with a gun and said: "Get up, you contemptible cad, get up." To her surprise, he did and threw her off a cliff. After Brix's second Tarzan picture, he wisely changed his name to Bruce Bennett and eventually made something of himself on TV's *Science Fiction Theatre*.

Weissmuller's third rival was 1936 Olympic decathlon champion Glenn Morris. Morris' leading lady was another Olympic champion, Eleanor Holm, and her career proved the adage that vice is its own reward. As a youngster, Eleanor had swum her way to a gold medal in the 1932 Olympics, after which she got a Warner Brothers contract. It resulted in little. Then, barred from the 1936 Games for swimming in champagne instead of water (an incident that may be compared with the suspension of Australia's Dawn Fraser after the 1964 Olympics), she became the heroine of *Tarzan's Revenge*, made by Principal Productions, Inc.

Morris, in spite of good credentials, was almost drummed out of the Tarzan club: he wore *sandals*. Besides this brazen break with the barefoot tradition, Morris managed to be more deadpan than any other Tarzan, which called for a lot of facial control. His control was so good one critic put the movie on his list of The Ten Worst Pictures of All Time.

This failure must have tempted the next Tarzan producer to try something different. Instead of an Olympic athlete,

Lex Barker, a New York socialite, was nominated and elected to the lodge. Barker made five Tarzan pictures and started a trend. Where the athletic Tarzans disdained talking, Barker asked for more "sides," as the pages of an actor's dialogue are known.

This was bad business to Elmo Lincoln, the first Tarzan. He came out of retirement to play a bit part in Barker's *Tarzan's Magic Fountain*. Cast as a fisherman, Lincoln said succinctly of the 1948 Tarzan: "The old Tarzan was an action character. He spoke very little, and when he did it was ape talk. Now Tarzan gives too much."

Death, in 1952, mercifully spared Lincoln the next Tarzanical metamorphosis. Gordon Scott, the 11th screen Tarzan, got the beauty-queen, love-goddess treatment with an awe-inspiring twist. His studio took a deep breath and announced that he and his Jane, Eve Brent, had a combined chest span of 86 inches, 50 for Scott and 36 for Eve. An ex-cowboy, Scott was working as a lifeguard in Las Vegas when a talent scout did what Hollywood calls discover him.

Scott became the first Tarzan to be filmed in Africa. Sol Lesser, long a Tarzan producer, took the company there. A real musclemen, Scott outthrew a native in a spear-throwing contest. On a bet, he demonstrated his western upbringing by riding a giraffe for four miles.

continued



The TV Tarzan, Ron Ely (playing softball on set), has no *Awe*, but he gets to talk more than any previous Tarzan.

In keeping with the times, the conversation in the Tarzan films was becoming more and more, ah, sophisticated. After Scott tore a crocodile to shreds, his leading lady yawned: "What do you do for an encore?"

Scott had another first. Among all the Tarzans and Janes throughout the years there had never been a real off-screen romance, but Scott, who made several Tarzan pictures, married one of his Janes, Vera Miles.

M-G-M now returned to the Tarzan scene, despite the threat of a lawsuit. Though the picture was called *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, Tarzan was never addressed by his name. To compound the confusion, some shots from old Weissmuller films were interpolated into the action. Denny Miller was the ape-man in this remake and he, alas, was the first blond Tarzan.

The role returned to the athlete when Jock Mahoney got the nod as the 13th Tarzan. In 1939, while at the University of Iowa, Jock was a sprint man on the varsity swimming team. After college and a hitch as a Marine fighter pilot, Mahoney became a breeder of horses, which set him up to be a stunt man in Hollywood. For years he fell off horses, hung by the neck, dropped through trapdoors and plummeted from tall buildings. Then one day he took stock beneath a froth of bandages and concluded that no stunt man ever walks off onto the sunset with the leading lady. So Jock played several small parts, including one in a Tarzan film, before landing the role of the ape-man in *Tarzan Goes to India*. The happily married Jock was the incumbent Tarzan when scandal broke.

Late in 1961 a school library in California removed all the Tarzan books from its shelf after one of its employees claimed that Tarzan and Jane were n-e-v-e-r l-e-g-a-l-l-y married. The story hit the front pages of almost every newspaper in the country with such headlines as TARZAN AND JANE: JUST FRIENDS? DID SAY IT AIN'T SO, TARZ.

Grosset & Dunlap, publishers of Tarzan books, put their researchers to work and were able to show that way back in 1915 Jane's father, a minister, had journeyed from Baltimore to the jungle to marry the couple. Ever wary of scandal, Hollywood had taken care of the situation long ago. Maureen O'Sullivan, who recently began a new career on Broadway, recalled: "I believe it was in our second picture. We had a ceremony in the jungle. We didn't use a ring. Instead, Tarzan [Johnny Weissmuller] put a bracelet on my wrist. We held the wedding under the trees, and all the animals of the jungle came and watched. They were our witnesses."

Mike Henry succeeded Jock Mahoney in the role. The 14th Tarzan had worked for seven years as a linebacker for the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Los Angeles Rams. Signed in 1964 by Sy Weintraub, current controller of the Tarzan rights, all—or nearly all—was sweetness and light as Henry set out for Mexico to appear in *Tarzan and the Valley of Gold*, in which Tarzan was a kind of James Bond in breech-clout. From there he went to Brazil to shoot two more pic-

tures; by this time the jungle heat, animal alienation (Cheeta gave him a bite that required 18 stitches) and an assortment of viruses made Henry long for the bawling of Jim Taylor's knees. Henry's Tarzan career ended in litigation.

Before the disenchantment, Weintraub had Henry all lined up for a television deal with the National Broadcasting Company, but this, naturally, fell through. The replacement for Henry was Ron Ely, an actor who had been in the movie *South Pacific* and in the TV series *Mulholland Run*. Ely's flowery prose—"lose a decision to a puma"—is entirely consistent with his character. He earned a university scholarship by winning the Texas State Poetry Reading Championship. Let Elmo Lincoln top that.

So much for the 15th.

What is not generally known is that there was almost a 16th thespian Tarzan. Tarzan himself. Back in 1934 Author Burroughs, who often disagreed with what Hollywood did to his brainchild (he called at least one Tarzan epic a "stinker"), wrote a spoof of the film industry called *Tarzan and the Lion Man*. In the book a film company goes to Africa to shoot a movie on location. The leading man, a famous marathon runner, fails to outrace some natives and winds up in the stew. Tarzan saves practically every other member of the film company from one disaster or another. Fraternizing with the movie people, he is intrigued by the stories of Hollywood and decides to go there.

A year later he checks into a Hollywood hotel under his real name, John Clayton. By this time every studio with a back lot is shooting a Tarzan picture. At the inevitable Hollywood party a magnate notices Tarzan's catlike walk and tells him to drop around in the morning. During the night, however, the Hollywood drums began to beat, and early the next day John Clayton receives a better offer from Prominent Pictures.

The casting director is delighted with John Clayton. He asks Clayton if he has had any experience as Tarzan and adds quickly: "I mean in pictures." Tarzan smiles to himself. The director sums up years of picture-making when he says, "You don't have to be a Barrymore to play Tarzan."

But the production manager disagrees. He takes one look at Clayton, the real Tarzan, and decides he will not do at all for the role of Tarzan. The production manager sees Clayton as the white hunter in the film.

The part of Tarzan goes, poetically, to an adagio dancer named Cyril, who is not at ease with lions. In his first scene with Leo, the star lion, Cyril bolts, and that is bad. Leo is about to dine on Cyril when Clayton, playing the role of the white hunter, whips out his knife and kills the beast.

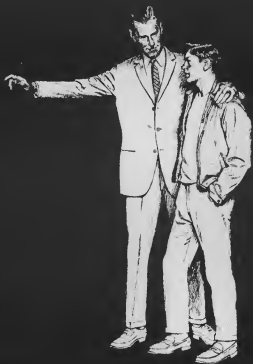
Then he waits for the cheers he usually receives in the jungle when he has saved a life. Instead, the production manager blows his top because Tarzan has killed the studio's most expensive lion. It is enough to drive a man ape. Tarzan rushes back to his hotel and checks out, asking the room clerk on the way: "What is the shortest route to Africa?"

END



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# Basketball's Week

by JOE JARES

## THE SOUTH 1. LOUISVILLE (8-0) 2. NORTH CAROLINA (7-0) 3. VANDERBILT (8-1)

After five straight home wins against small-college competition, LOUISVILLE played host to two major schools, Dayton and Missouri Valley rival St. Louis. The Cardinals cruised past Dayton 96-81 as Wesley Unseld amassed 31 points and 19 rebounds. St. Louis collapsed around Unseld with a 2-3 zone and led at half time, but the zone could not keep him from controlling the boards and Louisville came back to win 75-68. Adolph Rupp of Kentucky became a grandfather for the first time with the arrival of Adolph III, and the Baron's Wildcats helped him celebrate by beating Oregon State 96-66 in the first round of the Kentucky Invitational. KANSAS STATE breezed past Penn State 83-59 (its sixth straight win) in the other first-round game. Then Kentucky beat at K-State 83-79 in the final as Bob Talbot got 25 points.

Things may not be so simple for WESTERN KENTUCKY in the Ohio Valley Conference after all. The Hilltoppers (7-1) won the OVC Tournament in Louisville, but it was a struggle to beat Murray State 94-83, and Morehead State 80-77 (in overtime). VANDERBILT Guard Tom Hagan used a borrowed contact lens in the 77-69 victory over Florida and scored 16 points in the second half. Two nights later senior Guard Kenny Campbell got his first starting assignment, against Northwestern, and scored 38 points in the Commodores' 116-92 win. MEMPHIS STATE's tough defense paid off again in a 58-40 victory over Villanova for the Tigers' seventh straight. NORTH CAROLINA won the Tampa Invitational with 98-66 and 81-54 scraps over Columbia and Florida State. MISSISSIPPI (8-1) held the SEC's leading scorer, Mike Neundorfer of Alabama, to six points and won 79-58 before whipping LSU 74-67. MISSISSIPPI STATE (7-0) could not hold Nordhoff (he scored 22) but beat the Tide anyway, 63-59.

## THE WEST 1. UCLA (5-0) 2. NEW MEXICO (7-1) 3. SEATTLE (7-1)

Tall, beefy Colorado State scored top-ranked UCLA, but Lew Alcindor scored 34 points, 22 in the second half, and pulled down 20 rebounds to lead the Bruins to a narrow (for them) 84-74 win. For the first time, Alcindor played the last-man spot in the zone press. He was not quick enough and did not seem

to have the stamina to do the job properly.

SEATTLE continued its policy of playing catch-up. The Chieftains trailed by as much as 17 points in the first half against Brigham Young and were still behind by six with 90 seconds left to play. Tom Workman's basket with four seconds left tied it up, and Jack Kreiger's 25-footer at the buzzer in overtime earned an 85-83 victory. Behind at the half against Missouri, Seattle came back to win 84-66 and then beat Evansville 93-89 on the road. Providence, despite Jimmy Walker's usual heroics, dropped two of three on a western swing, losing to UTAH STATE and USF, and beating Santa Clara.

HOWA STATE's Don Smith survived a head-on collision with a backboard to lead the Cyclones to the Sun Devil Classic title at Phoenix. CALIFORNIA won its fourth straight, a 75-73 thriller over Utah. Disappointing Pacific lost to unranked VALPARAISO 76-74 but finally got some balanced scoring and twice beat Portland 89-54 and 82-72. WASHINGTON STATE, after a horrible Midwest tour, came home to friendly Pullman to down previously unbeaten Montana 78-58, but the Cougars lost again, 49-47, when they had to travel 15 miles to play Idaho. Before going off to Kentucky, OREGON STATE shocked BYU 92-76.

## THE MIDWEST 1. CINCINNATI (7-0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (5-1) 3. ILLINOIS (5-1)

"I feel like I'm walking around with a horse-shoe in my pocket," said CINCINNATI Coach Trey Baker. His Bearcats edged Texas Christian 89-88, their third overtime victory this season, despite a goof by Mike Relf, who got confused and scored a basket for TCU. He made up for it with a game-high 26 points. Cincy also beat Western Michigan and Colorado. Crowsnest rival XAVIER (7-1), striving to earn national recognition, too, beat Tampa 87-39, St. Bonaventure 97-80 and Miami (Ohio) 71-68.

Bridley suffered his first loss, to ST. LOUIS, 76-72. Center Joe Allen, who had been averaging 30 points a game, was held to 16 by a 1-3-1 zone and some good work by the Billikens' 7-foot Rich Niemann. WICHITA STATE Coach Gary Thompson moaned about sloppy play as his Shockers lost four in a row—to Creighton, Michigan State, Colorado and Texas Western—before winning at home over San Diego State 68-58. MICHIGAN STATE had troubles, too, in the

bright lights of New Orleans. LOYOLA upset the Big Ten favorites 74-70, but the Sportsmen came back the next night to beat Tulane 76-66. ILLINOIS warmed up for Lew Alcindor by holding Wisconsin's giant Elton Henderson to no field goals and beating the Badgers 87-74. Stanford tried to offset the Illini's height advantage by sending everybody but the coach to the boards. The gamble failed; Stanford was continually caught by a fast break and lost 81-67.

Loyola of Chicago lost three straight, to North Dakota, Indiana and BYU. OHIO STATE beat TCU 84-78 as Bill Hosket, who had been out with a wrenched knee, scored 13 points and grabbed 16 rebounds. PURDUE took its Christmas break pleased with a 5-1 record after home-court wins over St. Joseph's of Indiana 98-65, Washington U. 85-70 and Army 79-69 an overtime, IOWA beat Drake 83-75 and California 72-62 in its first two home games of the season.

## THE EAST 1. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-0) 2. ST. JOHN'S (5-0) 3. PRINCETON (6-0)

Bob Cousy was publicly critical of NONSOL COLLEGE alumni for not showing up at the Boston Garden Christmas tourney (6,554 attendance for two nights), but he was tickled with his team, especially after it knocked off previously unbeaten Syracuse 87-75. The Eagles beat Massachusetts 75-67 the next night for the title. Sonny Dove's 27 points, 16 rebounds and seven assists helped ST. JOHN'S batter visiting Kansas 68-44, but the Jayhawks' myopic shooting (15 for 59) helped, too. LASALLE (5-2) came home from a good showing in Nashville (beating Nebraska 99-76 and losing to Vanderbilt 100-95) and breezy got by Penn 85-83 thanks to Hubie Marshall's 31 points. TEMPLE (7-0) had an easy time with Wake Forest, 84-58.

## THE SOUTHWEST 1. TEXAS WESTERN (7-1) 2. HOUSTON (9-1) 3. SMU (5-3)

The whole prairie shook from some of the collisions under the backboards the night NEW MEXICO came to El Paso to play defending NCAA champion Texas Western. Sophomore sub Ron Sanford led a rally in the closing minutes, Center Mel Daniels scored 29 points and the Lobos upset the Miners 71-62. The next night the Lobos were bitten themselves by archrival NEW MEXICO STATE 62-61.

HOUSTON buried USF and Washington 90-74 and 87-65. SMU looked a little better after losing three of its first four games. The Mustangs beat the Mexican Olympic team 96-74, Hawaii 92-72, Midwestern 89-74 and Arlington State 101-82 as soph sub Bill Voight scored 18 straight points in the last 5:47 of the first half. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## EMERGENCE

Sirs:

Congratulations on one of the most meaningful articles I've ever read (*Sport in Emerging Africa*, Dec. 19). I hope you at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will continue to print more articles of this nature, describing the influence of sport as a unifying political force and a constructive channel of mankind's basic aggressiveness.

Now that we have two forces going for peace—education and sport—I feel there is some hope for humanity.

J. E. TAVARES

Shell Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article, *A Very Welcome Redcoat* (Dec. 19), prompted me to write my Congressman to plead for positive action concerning track and other sports' equipment for all the African athletes and a change in policy of allowing the AAU to conduct itself in such ignorant pomposity as an American institution. When I think of the ill will Kipchoge Keino could spread concerning the American image abroad, I shudder. What golden fields of opportunity we Americans cast aside when we ignore chances to help the African states' athletes help themselves.

My sincere thanks for Martin Kane's enlightening revelations.

ROSEMARY G. WORTHMAN

Carle Place, N.Y.

## POET AND PEASANT

Sirs:

Thank you for introducing us to the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko (*A Poet Against the Destroyers*, Dec. 19). I have not seen his poetry, but his prose is a joy to read. I can understand why John Steinbeck espouses him. His skills seem more worthy than those of many of our own youthful competitors.

This is the kind of delightful surprise that makes your magazine so endearing to its readers—complete coverage of all our favorite sports, plus!

B. H. SANDS

Ashtabula, Ohio

Sirs:

I note that the pragmatic Mr. Yevtushenko spells God with a small g. You may think that this man is Russia's foremost literary figure and an athlete of some renown, but I would classify him as strictly bush, along with your editor, who did not must that in our Western civilization God is spelled with a capital G.

P. J. KITZBERGER, M.O.

New Ulm, Minn.

## THE MAN

Sirs:

Congratulations on your selection of Jim Ryun as the youngest Sportsman of the Year (Dec. 19). But what will you do when he breaks 3:50 next year? Or when he becomes the world record holder in the two-mile as well as the mile and half-mile? Maybe he'll be the first Sportsman to repeat.

STEPHEN GOULD

Cheverly, Md.

Sirs:

I very definitely feel that you made the correct choice in picking Jim Ryun. But I feel that not choosing Pelé (the Brazilian soccer star) as one of the "four others who excelled" was an oversight.

DAVID ISRAEL

West Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

This year a Danish sailmaker named Paul Elvstrom won the world championships in two Olympic classes, the Star and 5.5-meter. He finished second in the international 505 championships. What's more, he generally uses sails that he makes himself. You have missed one who is unsurpassed in what is truly a sport rather than just a game.

FRANK B. LAWSON JR.

Dedham, Mass.

Sirs:

You goofed. Who else but Ara? At least he should have had a tie.

Jim Ryun seems like a nice young fellow, but his philosophy on winning is too old-fashioned.

BILL STEWART

Maricopa, Ohio

## WINNING WAYS

Sirs:

I concur with Father Hesburgh in his views on football and life in general, but feel that he has lost some perspective (*The True Meaning of the Game*, Dec. 12). Each institution must make a choice between big-time athletics and a strictly amateur athletic program that is secondary to the academic pursuits of the players. But the time to make the decision is not at the end of the season.

There is no doubt that Notre Dame has made the former choice and is big-time in every sense of the word. As a successful big-time football power, Notre Dame has an obligation to play the part through to the end—and that includes bowl games. Notre Dame's riding the fence in this case is curiously similar to the performance of the team against Michigan State. Notre Dame obviously entered this game with the intent to win, and just when the responsibility to try

for the win weighed heavily, the team backed down.

KENNETH J. KURTZ

New York City

Sirs:

That's just what the country needed, some moral instruction from Notre Dame on the game of football. Father Hesburgh ought to set up a Casinuity Bowl there in South Bend.

HARMON L. GARRETT

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Do you mean to say that Father Hesburgh and Ara Parseghian belong to the same organization? It's hard to be impressed by Father Hesburgh's noble expressions when his football team displays an altogether different commitment. This is the team that on one Saturday refused the challenge of a team demonstrably its equal, and on the next mercilessly thrashed its weaker opponent.

Notre Dame has paid a dear price for its glory: its own self-respect.

ART BRISSETTE

Bridgport, Conn.

Sirs:

I have a word of advice for Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame. I have remembered it verbatim since I was a schoolboy:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities, and in amicable, philosophical and psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your extemporaneous dissertations have intelligibility and veracious veracity, withoutrodomentade or thesaurical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, posttaceous vacuity and pesteriferous prolixity, obscure or apparent."

I read the article twice. What did he say, anyhow?

OSCAR M. HOKANSON

Bernardsville, N.J.

## BATS AND BUNNIESHOOTS

Sirs:

In your December 5 *19th HOLE* you published a letter from a man in Geneva who criticized your article *Down with Mary Pop-pies* (SCORECARD, Oct. 24), downgraded Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays and referred to your magazine as junk. He stated that baseball players just "come and go," achieve undeserved fame and fortune and don't influence the lives of children. To me and thousands of other kids, Mantle and Mays are genuine heroes. They battle injuries, the fury of the baseball season and

continued

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opposing players and fans. They give 100% of themselves to their fans. They inspire many with demonstrations of "raw guts." Mary Poppins is only the figment of a writer's mind. You can't go anywhere in the world and find a real live Mary Poppins. She just doesn't exist. I can think of nothing more fitting than a statue of Mantle or Mays in Central Park. What they have given the kids of New York and San Francisco could never be replaced by a book.

And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED doesn't publish junk, except when it prints letters like that one.

HOWARD ZOLDENISY

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

The things that Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays have contributed to the happiness of the people of America, both young and old, will have a lastingly beneficial effect—far more so, I submit, than that of a contrived character whose most memorable feature is a parachute umbrella.

LEE SHERRY

Seattle

#### TIME REMEMBERED

Sirs:

I greatly appreciated SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's commemoration, on the 10th anniversary of the XVI Olympic Games, of those Hungarian athletes who chose to come to the U.S. to live in freedom (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Nov. 28). With your generous assistance, the Hungarian athletes have indeed found freedom, a new home and job and sports opportunities here. However, the successful journey down that "road called Liberty" could not have been effected without the additional assistance of the Hungarian National Sports Federation in exile, which, during the past 10 years, has supported the Hungarian athletes. The credit for this must go to Dr. George Telegdy, who organized the Melbourne team and whose unselfish, patriotic, relentless work since has made this celebration of our 10th anniversary possible. Dr. Telegdy was a well-known amateur athlete and sports leader back in Hungary, and in Melbourne it was to him that the Hungarian sportsmen turned. We asked him to "do something for us." And he did.

As SI pointed out, the Hungarian Olympic athletes have indeed done what was expected of them. In the past 10 years they have won two world championships, one Olympic gold medal, 21 U.S. national championships and 11 international championships—all to the glory of the U.S. and to themselves. At the same time, Hungary, where sport is now based on a professional system, has not been able to make up for the loss of its top athletes.

SI was also right in saying that not one

of the athletes has regretted having chosen the road to liberty. On the other hand, all those who left this road to return behind the Iron Curtain have sent word that they are sorry they did.

COUNT ANTHONY SZAFARY  
President, Hungarian National  
Sports Federation, Inc.

New York City

#### VAAGGIES

Sirs:

As a caddy, I was very amused by James Van Alen's article, *Unruffled Sport Called VAAGG* (Nov. 28). I was amused by the way Mr. Van Alen twisted the facts to fit his story. He says, "You need no caddy. You make your own decisions, instead of taking as gospel an opinion on distance from a downy-faced juvenile who quite possibly has severe myopia." It seems from this that Mr. Van Alen is holding a grudge against all caddies of the world, just because he once employed a caddy who could not retrieve the ball that he shanked into a swiftly moving stream with his five-iron.

Hackers are hackers because they don't practice. Hitting practice balls before a round would give the average golfer the experience that a round of golf lacks, and a would also improve his game. With practice—and the advice that his caddy gives him—a golfer can play more consistently.

MARTIN E. BENJAMIN

Saugerties, N.Y.

Sirs:

That "downy-faced juvenile who quite possibly has severe myopia" knows every inch of his course, can probably beat James Van Alen by 10 strokes, and his word deserves to be heeded.

ART CLEMENS JR.

Canncheon, Ind.

Sirs:

Mr. Van Alen's idea of taking multiple shots in golf and then selecting the best could set all organized sports back to the Dark Ages. Imagine a quarterback throwing an intercepted pass and then requesting another attempt to hit his receiver.

The VAAGG system seeks to protect the poor slob golfer. Let him help himself by practicing more, and let Van Alen stick to tennis. He'd be doing us all a favor.

PAUL KAPLAN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

Van Alen's ideas are tremendous. I must say that I am very fond of golf as it is today, but I cannot wait to try VAAGG when spring comes around once more.

Thanks for a great new idea.

GARY L. CANTER

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

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